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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 161 (New Series) SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE have been four major events in the international sphere during the week and they are all intimately connected—the Pact of Rome, Signor Mussolini's speech on foreign policy to his faithful Fascists, the German reply to France, and the French reply to Britain on disarmament. Their combined repercussions upon a Europe which is staggering through economic ruin into the rivalry of armed alliances is not easy to gauge, and most of the comment in the British press has hedged or hesitated. The truth is that they mark a further definite stage in the destruction of the League system by the Great Powers and in the resurrection of that system of hostile ententes and alliances which existed before, and had its fulfilment in, the war. Their results, no doubt, are not uniformly black, and by concentrating on the points where the shadows are least, it is possible to espy common sense or justice here or there, and to make out some sort of a case for a relatively bright future. But to do that is to pursue the same kind of shallow optimism and opportunism, the same blindness to the inevitable results of the hostile groupings of the Great Powers, which was characteristic of British public opinion before 1914.

Back to the Bloc System

Take first the policy of Mussolini in the Balkans and the Mediterranean. The Italian press, which speaks with the Duce's voice, hails the Pact as an Italian "triumph." Its effect is to create an entente between Italy, Austria, and Hungary. Its provisions, in so far as they have been made public, as was usual in the case of such arrangements before the war, are so vague that they may mean anything or nothing. They are partly political and partly economic. The three Powers agree to co-operate for the peace of Europe and to consult whenever one of them considers consultation opportune; they agree to widen the commercial conventions which exist between themselves and to facilitate trade reciprocally. To ensure peace and to break down some of the economic barriers which are strangling the life out of Austria and other States—no one would deny that those are most laudable objects, and we should have welcomed such an entente, if it had been concluded under the League system by States which were showing themselves eager to establish peace, pacific settlement, disarmament, and international co-operation in Europe and so to honour their obligations under the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact. But the Pact is the embodiment of an entirely different policy. It is Mussolini's answer to the Nazi threat to swallow Austria and form a "German" Balkan bloc. It is the beginning of an "Italian" Balkan bloc, of a struggle between the Nazi

and the Fascist, who think in terms of power and nationalism, for control of the Balkans.

Mussolini's Speech

Mussolini's speech made the objects of Italian policy quite plain; it might have been delivered by any fire-eating Italian nationalist from the time of the Abyssinian adventure to the outbreak of the war. If the Disarmament Conference succeeds, the League is to be reformed on Fascist lines; if it fails, "it will be sufficient merely to register the League's death." As the conference has not succeeded every nation must make itself strong, and particularly Italy. "The atmosphere of understanding between the great and small Powers of Europe" must be re-established—by allowing Germany to rearm! Finally, the rest of the world is warned that it must recognise Italy's "historic objectives"—political, spiritual, and economic expansion in Asia and Africa. It is scarcely to be wondered at that this speech has not been welcomed in France as any proof of Italy's will to peace. While the rulers of great States talk as Mussolini does this week and General Göring did last, no French Government could accept the vague proposals in the British memorandum, and it is natural therefore that France, in her reply, should stand firmly by the League and insist upon her demand for security. Nor can the French get much reassurance from the German reply to their Armaments Memorandum. The German Government, in effect, reaffirms its right and intention to rearm; it makes no proposal which would lead to real disarmament.

Will Russia Join the League?

On the other side we have to take note of a new factor—or rather of an old factor in a new light. For a long time past there has been speculation on the possibility of Russia applying for membership of the League; now the possibility has come well into the realm of practical politics. There have been soundings and exchanges of views, in which France has taken a leading part, and Mr. Litvinov and other Soviet Ministers are known to be favourably considering the idea. They would no doubt require a permanent seat on the Council as a condition of Russia's joining the League; but to that there could surely be no serious objection. Nor would any sensible person boggle over the old Bolshevik gibes at the League, or protest that the change of mind is dictated by self-interest. Of course it is; but there is nothing to quarrel with in that, provided the self-interest is "enlightened self-interest," which is, after all, the *raison d'être* of an association of States for keeping the peace. Evidently Russia's entry would be an event of profound importance. It would revivify the League; it would influence Germany's policy and might play a big part in bringing her back to Geneva; it might restore disarmament to the map. It would also have its reactions on the Japanese, who, as we may judge from their recent honeyed conversations with Washington, are already sobering down.

The American Labour Crisis

The United States seems to be approaching its first serious labour crisis since the Roosevelt experiment began. The highly organised Railroad Brotherhoods are pressing for a restoration of the wage-cuts made during the slump, and have refused President Roosevelt's request that they should carry on at present rates, subject to minor readjustments, for a further period. To the companies' protestations of inability to pay they reply with a demand for the writing-down of inflated capital obligations; and everyone knows that there is plenty of substance behind the statement that the railroads are grossly over-capitalised, and ought to be reconstructed in a drastic way. More spectacular is the conflict in the motor industry, where the employers, having hitherto succeeded in keeping Trade Unionism outside their works, are determined to preserve the "company unions" which are their chief bulwark against the American Federation of Labour, despite the Code regulation which allows employees to organise in what Unions they please, and compels employers to recognise the right of collective bargaining. Unless Mr. Roosevelt stamps hard on the automobile employers, the collective bargaining clause of the N.R.A. codes will become a scrap of waste paper. What he has done so far is to intervene by asking the A.F. of L. to postpone the strike threatened for this week, while the employers meet him to discuss the situation. Doubtless, both the railroad and the automobile strike will be postponed; but that will not settle the questions involved. American labour looks to the President to give it an ace or two in the "New Deal," and the point seems to have been reached at which the big issue of Trade Union recognition can no longer be evaded.

A Ministry of Defence

Major Attlee is to be congratulated on the debate which he instituted in the House of Commons on the subject of Imperial Defence and upon the admirable way in which he presented the case for closer co-ordination of the three Services under a single Ministry of Defence. There are two main points in the problem. The first is the efficiency of the Services and staff for the purposes of war. Close co-ordination for these purposes is essential under modern conditions and, though it was no doubt made much more effective during the great war by pressure of events, it is still not satisfactory and will not be so unless the three Services are under the control of a single Minister and Ministry for the larger aims of policy and strategy. The other side of the problem is the relation of the Services themselves to the country's foreign policy. Mr. Churchill threw out the suggestion that the chiefs of staffs, who would presumably sit as members of the Committee of Imperial Defence, should be members of the Privy Council in order that they might "feel responsibility for general policy." No proposal could be more dangerous. The professional heads of the Services should be treated solely as experts and should have no responsibility for general policy, which is the province of the Cabinet alone. In fact, one of the reforms most urgently needed is that of the procedure of the C.I.D. The Committee ought to be transformed into a true Committee of the Cabinet, and the Service members who now serve on it should do so solely as experts and should take no part in its deliberations when it comes to its final task of formulating the Cabinet's policy.

A "National" Disturbance

There is trouble, it seems, in the camp of the Holy Alliance that composes the "National" Government. The two smaller Powers are suspected of intriguing for

a larger share of seats in Parliament, and the Conservatives are indignant at this impudence. Why, they ask, should such perfectly good Tory preserves as Berwick-on-Tweed or Sunderland be handed over to National Liberals and National Labour? To most of us, of course, these labels merely mark a distinction without a difference; for all practical purposes Sir John Simon, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald are ordinary Conservatives. They have abandoned the policies of their old parties, and the new parties they have formed are mere tactical groups, independent only in name, numerically insignificant, and with no earthly prospect of growing. In a country like France, with a multiplicity of parties finely graded from Right to Left, they might be taken seriously; here their pretensions are only comic. Some of the softer-hearted Conservative leaders will, no doubt, be reluctant to drop their new friends. But it looks as if the main Tory body and its local caucuses are tiring of the farce. Three of the sitting MacDonaldite M.P.s have already been warned by the local Conservative Associations that they are not wanted at the next election, and there may be more to follow. It is the twilight of the Holy Alliance.

Milk for Children

We are glad to know that the "Children's Minimum Committee" has obtained widespread support. The point in its programme which is arousing particular interest at the moment is the provision of milk—milk for all the children in the elementary schools as well as for those under five and for nursing and expectant mothers. Half a pint a day for every school child seems a modest enough demand; but the Government are not yet converted to it. Their scheme, we understand, would result in only some 2-2½ million children (out of a total of more than 6 million) getting one-third of a pint a day. There is, of course, the usual question as to whether parents who can afford it should pay for their children's milk. The Committee itself and the great majority of its supporters are in favour of its being provided free for all. But there are a few who want a charge made, either for the sake of public economy or from fear of that hoary bogy—the "weakening of parental responsibility." The reasons for free provision all round seem to us overwhelming. Discrimination would inevitably cause much heart-burning both in children and in parents. It would involve another "means test," and would result in practice in a number of children who need the milk not getting it. The cost of investigation and administration would be disproportionate to the amount recovered. And the advantage of real economies in supply and distribution will only be obtained if the milk industry is assured of a larger and steady demand.

District Council Elections

The elections for urban and rural district councils throughout the country are being held during the next few days. In most of the rural districts there is the usual paucity of contests and absence of party divisions; but there will be liveliness in many of the urban districts, in which the Labour Party is hoping, if not to repeat its outstanding success in London, at least to make substantial gains. No sweeping victories are probable; for representation in the urban districts has a way of responding slowly to changing currents of political opinion. But, at any rate in the London working-class suburbs and in the industrial areas in the North and Midlands, Labour looks to be improving its representation, and giving yet another sign that the "National" Government no longer has a majority of the nation behind it. Housing and public assistance are, as usual, the two most prominent issues in the campaign; and it may be that the Government's haste to proclaim their adopting of a new housing policy last week-end was not unconnected with the imminence of a new set of elections, coming immediately on top of the defeat of the Municipal Reformers in London.

Unemployment at Home and Abroad

We are again being asked, on the strength of comparative figures published in the current *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, to congratulate ourselves on being not as other countries in the matter of unemployment. For whereas employment fell off between 1929 and 1933 by one-fifth in France, one-fourth in Czechoslovakia and Germany, nearly one-third in Italy, and more than one-third in the United States, the recorded drop in Great Britain was only about five per cent. This is doubtless satisfactory so far as it goes; but all the same the amount of unemployment in Great Britain more than doubled during these four years, and it was, in 1929, at a considerably higher level than in most of the other leading countries. It is true that we have stood up relatively well to the slump, despite the heavy fall in the volume as well as the value of world trade. It is also true that under the abnormal conditions which have prevailed since 1931 the tariff has served as a protection against dumping of imports from countries desperately seeking a market, and that this factor has for the time being checked the rise of unemployment. But let no one imagine that we have shown our ability to live prosperously without a revival of world trade, or that we have any ground for complacency. We have still our two and a half millions out of work.

English and French Books

It is exceedingly interesting to learn, from Professor Webster's letter in Wednesday's *Times*, that more than a century ago the King of France proposed to the British Government a free exchange of all English and French publications, and that the British Government received the proposal favourably, though in the end nothing was done to carry it out. It is a thousand pities that the project fell through, and it is high time, as Professor Webster urges, for it to be revived. Publishers would no doubt grumble at an additional obligation, though it would not in fact cost them very much, even if no compensation at all were given. Scholars and students on both sides of the Channel would gain a great deal—and still more if the plan were extended at any rate to Germany and the United States as well as France. Obviously, the great libraries in each country ought to have some arrangement of this sort, and obviously someone has to make a beginning. Why not the two countries which have the longest and most continuous literary tradition, and a special interest in upholding the spirit of internationalism and the liberty of "unlicensed printing" which Milton championed?

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WHAT DOES SIR HILTON YOUNG MEAN?

IT appears that the Minister of Health is not, after all, entirely inaccessible to criticism. For months past we, in common with a great many other critics, have been exposing the wrongheadedness and inadequacy of the Government's housing policy; and it seems from Sir Hilton Young's forecast of his new Bill that these protests have not been wholly unavailing. We should not, of course, expect the Minister to admit that he has been wrong; nor is there any necessity to make him stand in a white sheet, so long as his penitence is real and effective. The extent of his amendment is still uncertain, pending further details of the measure that is to be introduced in the autumn. But that he has abandoned his previous attitude of sheer negation is immensely heartening to all who wish to see a real attempt made, under the exceptionally favourable conditions of the capital market to-day, to tackle the housing problem at its worst point—the need for more houses at low rents for the poorer workers.

Hitherto, Sir Hilton Young's case has been that this is not a problem for the Government but for private enterprise, with such aid as the building societies may be willing and able to afford. The Government, he has urged, ought to concentrate all their efforts on clearing the slums, leaving the provision of additional accommodation to be dealt with wholly without help from national funds. He has declared against any subsidies to the local authorities except for slum clearance, and has again and again expressed the view that the supply of small houses is well on the way to overtaking, if it has not already overtaken, the demand. That every responsible housing authority in the country knew this to be nonsense did not deter Sir Hilton Young from acting upon it. Indeed, it appeared, until a few days ago, to be the very basis of his policy. For obviously the concentration of all public energy upon slum clearance, which makes at most a negligible contribution to the provision of additional dwellings, is capable of being defended only if there is good warrant for believing that the major question of adequate accommodation is being satisfactorily tackled in other ways..

The Minister now admits that it is not being tackled, and proposes to introduce a Bill which, he tells us, "will undoubtedly impose a large burden on the Exchequer." He also goes out of his way to criticise previous housing subsidies on the ground that they have left the housing problem unsolved—though until now we understood his case for stopping them to be that it had been practically solved already. He adds up the annual charges which past subsidies now impose upon the Exchequer, and finds that they come to over £13,000,000. This he seems to regard as a remarkably large sum; whereas to us it looks remarkably small in relation to other costs which the Exchequer has been called upon to bear. If £13,000,000 a year could really solve the housing problem, the State would be getting off very cheaply indeed, especially as a good deal of what is spent on public works of this sort in periods of unemployment comes back indirectly to the Exchequer in other ways.

However, Sir Hilton Young has admitted that something further has to be done. His new argument is that, having got the problem of slum clearance well in hand, we must now go on to deal with the second problem of overcrowding—by which he seems to mean mainly overcrowding in the central areas of our great cities and towns. He urges that this problem cannot be dealt with in most cases by the provision of new houses on the outskirts, or away from the big centres of population, and that, as additional land is not available at the centre, we must overcome our traditional dislike of building up into the air, and reconcile ourselves to flats instead of detached houses. Flats in the centre are, however, under British conditions more expensive to provide than new houses with gardens in the suburbs, partly, but not exclusively, because of the very high price of urban land. Therefore, the State must step in with a subsidy, varied according to need, on a scale sufficient to enable the local authorities to provide flats at reasonable rents for overcrowded city dwellers. This means that the local authorities must be empowered to buy up whole areas, and to replan them so as to include other types of building in conjunction with flats—for example, shops with flats above them. There must also be power to recondition existing properties—all these things being done on a basis of "fair" compensation which has yet to be disclosed.

There are several points about which we are by no means clear after reading Sir Hilton Young's speech. First, is the new subsidy to be available for flats only, or for any reasonable scheme for dealing with overcrowding that a local authority may adopt, including the provision of new detached dwellings not necessarily in the centre of a town? Secondly, what provision is to be made for securing in the overcrowded areas not merely a decrease in the number of inhabitants per room or per dwelling, but also an increase in the amount of open space afforded, including space for playing fields and parks and recreation grounds? Thirdly, is the new subsidy to be confined to urban areas, or is it to be available for dealing with overcrowding in rural and smaller industrial areas as well? Some of the worst housing conditions are found at present in these smaller areas. Fourthly, does a subsidy according to need mean a subsidy arbitrarily fixed by the Minister, or one fixed according to a definite, though graded, scale?

These questions will presumably be answered in the course of the negotiations with the local authorities. But the public is also a deeply interested party. We do not share the prejudice, common in this country, against flats in all circumstances. Flats may be the easiest, and in some cases the only practicable, way of achieving the ideal of a "structurally separate dwelling" for each family; and, moreover, continental cities such as Vienna and Hamburg have shown that flats can be so built as to give a very high degree of amenity of living. But the flat or tenement has in England a melancholy record; and it would be a bad policy to provide a form of subsidy that would artificially stimulate flat-building at the cost of stopping the provision of detached dwellings. If, for example, Manchester, or any other northern town, dislikes flats and prefers to build new garden cities such as Wythenshawe, it would be utterly unjust to refuse Manchester all State-aid except on condition of building-up in central areas which should rather be cleared and used to extend the amount of open space near the centre.

This consideration is reinforced by the present position and the prospect of urban land values. It is beyond

doubt that in many towns the value of land near the centre is at present far too high, and far higher than it is likely to be in, say, ten years' time. It is quite wrong policy to buy up this land now at inflated values and build on it at high cost, though it is very intelligible that such a policy should appeal to the majority of urban landowners. Evidently some of the tenants now overcrowded in the central areas must be rehoused near the centre. But the fewer the better; for surely most of us hope to see a further advance of the movement for the decentralisation of industry, by moving factories away from central sites into situations of greater amenity outside the towns. In the long run, building away from the centre need not, except perhaps in London, mean that people will have to live, on the average, further from their work. The remedy is not to rehouse near the congested areas, but to move the factories to places where new houses can be built with greater amenity—and also incidentally at lower cost.

Until we see the text of Sir Hilton Young's Bill we cannot know how far his new policy is open to criticism along these lines. But his speech announcing it, while by no means clear, suggested an undue predilection for rehousing near the centre, and a continued inability to appreciate the possibilities of town and regional planning or the importance of framing a housing policy for the England that can be rather than for the England that is. The plain fact is that the Wheatley subsidy ought never to have been revoked, and ought now to be reinstated in some form, with additional safeguards and with special provisions for dealing with central urban congestion, and above all for the use of cleared sites for additional playing fields and open spaces rather than for rehousing, either in flats or in any other kind of dwellings. It is to be hoped that the new Bill will be wide enough to deal with the problem in this way. If it is not, we fear Sir Hilton Young will be found to have shifted his ground only to take up a new position hardly less untenable than that from which he has at length been driven.

SONGS, MAPS AND WAR TALK IN GERMANY

Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.—(*Old Version.*)

Lieb' Vaterland, sollst ruhlos sein
Bis wieder frei der Deutsche Rhein.—(*Post-war Version.*)

Noch unser Arm die Büchse Spannt
Wir holen heim geraubtes Land.

CAN it all be done simply by Treaty revision? That is the question which older Germans are seriously asking themselves to-day, and the answer is causing great anxiety. What does the new Germany want? Not permission to increase her Army by 200,000 men. That permission is of very little importance when three million men and boys are already in uniform, marching in excellent formation, drilling and parading every Sunday and on two evenings in the week. It would be incorrect to say that there are enough rifles to go round. There will be soon, but even then it is unlikely that they will be handed out. Not every Storm Troop is, as yet, permeated with Hitler-worship. Meanwhile, ask any Storm Trooper in the new Germany if he knows how to shoot. "I'm learning," or "I'm due for practice next week," is the unvarying reply. "We practise ten or twenty at a time, at our range down in the old brewery, mostly with old rifles. We're expecting new ones soon." And he will get them. What traveller in Germany has not seen truck after truck full of scrap iron standing in the railway sidings on its way to some arms factory in Thuringia or on the Rhine?

Some Storm Troops have already had machine-gun practice. The training possibilities vary from district to district. In Berlin I met an hotel porter who did his shooting from midnight to 2 a.m. Another Storm Trooper (an Austrian) had to be ready at the shortest notice to join the "Austrian Legion" at Kufstein—the Legion which was restrained with some difficulty from intervening in the Austrian civil war. (The Swiss Minister in Berlin has already complained of the formation there of a German-Swiss Legion, which, together with the Austrian and the Czech legions, is not only undergoing military training but a thorough schooling in Germany's "holy task"—the redemption of lost lands. "Sei Deutsch das Reich wo Deutsch die Zunge klingt," sing the S.A. men in every frontier town.

Hundreds of "Flying Troops" have been formed in the last year out of the former Nazi aviation clubs. They wear a smart blue uniform, and are as well trained and drilled as any flying corps. Their new aerodrome is under construction at Neuruppin, near Berlin, and one of the two hospitals in that town has already been turned into a military hospital, to the great discomfort of the population, which has to crowd like sardines into the other one. Other S.A. men belong to the transport corps, and march with the rest in their bulky warm black leather coats, helmets and breeches. I used to see them dashing through the Bülow Platz in Berlin in 1930, during election campaigns, driving their lorryfuls of Nazis yelling "Heil Hitler" at the quiet crowds outside the Karl Liebknecht house. A shot went off and the men set to it on both sides. Police cleared the square and women hurried out to drag their wounded sons and husbands to safety.

Those days are over now—the days in which some Storm Troopers bullied and shot, while others sang to their fellow Germans and political opponents:

We've got the spade in hand
At work for Fatherland.
Volunteers in one great fight,
Volunteers for Germany's right.
Be our comrade! Be our comrade!

To-day there are no more invitations; no young man in university training centre, labour camp or factory dare keep aloof from the S.A. Communist, Jew, Socialist and Lutheran are baited at night or in the early hours of the morning, and secretly. The rest of the population must conform. The more praiseworthy ideals of the Nazi movement are rapidly slipping away; all that is left of them is a rather sloppy belief that bourgeois and working-man are fraternising in the labour camps and that the problem of the class struggle has thus been shelved. This belief still encourages a goodly number of Storm Troopers of the kind who have never had a meal with a workman before; but something far more definite than this has made its appearance in the new poster maps, in the new Storm Troop songs and in the new military handbooks for teachers, together with compulsory, highly specialised "leader-training" courses for all professional men.

The poster maps hang on all notice-boards in schools and universities, in clubs and libraries. There are maps of Africa, white maps with four black spots marking German East and South-West Africa, Togo and Cameroon, over which is written, "We shall get our colonies back" (a reasonable enough desire). There are maps of Europe where the frontiers of Germany cover three-quarters of what is now Switzerland, all of Austria, the Italian Tyrol, bits of Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, the ill-famed corridor, Memel, Danzig, Eupen-Malmedy, Schleswig and Alsace Lorraine. Not all the maps cover all these "redeemable territories," but while uniformity in the maps has not yet been achieved (Dr. Goebbels will have to see to this, as Propaganda Minister!), the idea on every map is something there to die for in the getting. Death in war is the noblest death (no details, please): Germany must be a whole: Flags half mast now, full mast then: the Day

will dawn (that familiar "Tag" of the Kaiser's times); and so the S.A. sings:

It sounds like an old fairy tale
From long forgotten days,
The tale of German hero days,
The tale of German glory.
The swords are broken now,
The Army's disappeared,
And deep in the ocean
Lies our valiant fleet.

Remember Upper Silesia,
Schleswig and the German Rhine,
West Prussia, Posen, Danzig,
Be they not forgot,
Saar Colonies and Memel Land.
What happened in the Ruhr,
Each links to each
In one breakless chain.

There are many songs like this, among them one about Strassburg,

O Strassburg, O Strassburg,
Dein Klaglied nicht verhallt
Bis einst die Deutsche Wacht am Rhein
Durch Deine Strassen schallt.

and Danzig:

O Danzig . . . halt nur dein Herz dir rein,
Bleib' Deutsch, wir hol'n dich wieder
So soll's nicht ewig sein.

and Austria "getrennt vom Mutterland," and so on. These are the songs that the three million sing in Germany to-day.

In the schools, song and field sports now combine to produce the perfect patriot. In a small official handbook just produced for the teacher field sports are methodically mapped out. "Nordic Spartans" is the watchword of this booklet. Boys are to be taught "by day or night" the art of reconnoitring, forced marches with 25-lb. kit (minimum 25 kilometres as efficiency test) and shooting with small calibre rifles.

The teacher is warned of Article 177 of the Versailles Treaty forbidding military exercises in schools. But why? What does the Treaty count for anyway, to Nazis or non-Nazis? One suspects the warning is there to quiet the conscience of some too scrupulous master who still has a regard for the niceties of international agreements. In any case, he is summarily told off: "None of the following exercises are military." And that is that. On page 19, there is the list of types of rifles (with a range of 2 km.) and ammunition, together with a price list and the names and addresses of the armament firms in Berlin, Lichterfelde and Zella Mehlis, where the teacher is to order the stuff.

As for the teacher himself, he has a special training to go through. He does not go to ordinary labour camps, nor does the lawyer, the doctor, the professor, the bank clerk or the business man. They all have to go to "leader camps," where they have a special four months' concentrated officers' training course, so that on return to their posts, they may instruct the boys at school, the bank employees, the S.A. everywhere, in the fine art of modern warfare.

One friend of mine was hurrying through Berlin last week on his way to such a camp before taking up an appointment at the university. His wife was expecting a child and he could only look in to greet her. Orders are orders. Another had finished his course and was a perfect product of the new idea. He knew Germany's foes by heart; he had learnt his lesson well and was full of the Nordic Spartan business, with a pure blue-eyed race there in Central Europe, fit in every limb for the struggle against a Socialist-Jew-Freemason-Decadent-Christian ridden, armed and hungry Europe waiting at Germany's gates ready to invade and spoil the Fatherland. He was a bit muddled, but very keen. Perhaps he will have his doubts as time goes by, but Hitler has given an example to the doubting, and they are likely to follow it while he lives; every German believes in the Third Reich and in himself; anything else is anathema.

War is no longer spoken of as a possibility. Its eventual fields of action are often discussed—the Ukraine, the Rhine, alliance with Japan, a German base in the Pacific, and so on—over beer and skittles in a matter of fact way.

Can such things be dealt with by negotiation? The pre-war generation hopes the "holy war that will redeem all German territory" will be avoided, and that generation seems to base all its hopes for peace on England. But there appear to be extremely few Germans who believe that it can or should be avoided at all; and as for the non-Nazi, he would welcome it grimly, for the complete revolution he sees in its wake, in which the Workers' International will be set up.

SYLVIA SAUNDERS

UNDER-PRODUCTION AND UNDER-CONSUMPTION

EVERY observer of the world depression recognises that it is expressed in under-production, that is to say, un- or under-employment of productive agents good enough for use in ordinary times, and in under-consumption, or inability to purchase and consume the goods these employed agents could produce, at prices which would cover their money costs and yield a margin of profit. But when under-consumptionists argue that the under-production and unemployment are due to a tendency in ordinary times to save and to invest in increased capital structure a larger proportion of the current incomes than is wanted and can find continuous employment, most economists bred in the classical tradition refuse assent. Considering that savings actually invested in most kinds of plant are seen to be excessive, and that of the diminished volume of current savings during depression a larger share than usual stands uninvested in bank deposits, this refusal to admit the possibility or the fact of over-saving arouses some intellectual curiosity.

One or other of two assumptions appears to be responsible for this stubborn attitude. The first is that no limit does or can exist for the proportion of the general income that can usefully be saved and put into capital, and that any apparent breach of this rule is due to misapplication of savings among the various forms of investment, or else to some special monetary trouble paralysing confidence. The second assumption is that the mechanism of prices works with sufficient accuracy and efficiency to maintain an economically right proportion between spending, saving and investment.

The first assumption is, I think, a survival of the belief, quite warrantable during most of the last century (when economic science was in the making), that any individual, any group, any nation, could save and invest profitably any proportion of its income it chose, provided that an adequate outside market existed for the surplus goods which represented its saving. But now that a large part of the world has taken on the capitalist machine production that was once confined to a few Western countries, the difficulty of finding remunerative markets for our surplus products is glaringly apparent. Though any body or any nation may save and invest any proportion of its income, the economic system as a whole cannot.

But some economists refuse even this admission. Industrial plant is continually getting out of date and needs re-equipment: mines, transport and other appliances admit of illimitable extension and improvement, and the faster these processes are carried on the better for the future consumer. Thus, the more present abstinence the more future jam! But this surely is a crazy miscalculation, as even the forced experiment in Soviet Russia has shown. It implies a foresight and foreknowledge that are impossible, and a consideration for the future that is inhuman. It is not possible to forecast the growth and placing of the future population, its needs and tastes and the changes in productive technique, with sufficient accuracy to justify the policy of unlimited saving and capital creation. Even as regards present re-equipment of factories there is a definite limit in the pace at which it can take place. It would not pay either the industrialist or economic society to scrap comparatively new plant in favour of slightly better

plant which in its turn is likely to be outclassed in a few years' time. Proof of this limitation is seen in the refusal of industries to absorb the larger supply of cheap uninvested savings in work of re-equipment. They reckon, probably correctly, that in most instances the reduced cost of production thus brought about (including allowance for the cost of scrapping) would not enable them to sell the enlarged output at a price that would yield a larger profit than they can get now.

The notion that it must always pay to put in the latest improvements without delay is sheer foolishness. There is a proper time and place for such economies, and therefore a proper limit upon the rate of saving and investment which enables this to take place. This proper limit may not admit of close measurement and it will shift with changes in the technique of capitalism, but its existence at any given time is attested by the measure of absorption without delay of the supply of new savings in profitable investments.

The second assumption of the critics of over-saving is that the mechanism of price, commonly known as the law of supply and demand, maintains a right ratio between spending and saving. The rate of interest is the price of saving; if this rate is raised there will be more saving, if lowered there will be less. This sounds plausible, even axiomatic, but it rests on a wrong analysis of the motives and opportunities that determine saving. In the first place, it is admitted on all hands that a good deal of saving takes place irrespective of the rate of interest. Though it cannot be held that the customary standard of living of any class is closely fixed, it does not vary for most well-to-do people in any close accordance with changes in their income. In their cases a rise of income from business profits, investments, or other sources will mean an increased volume of savings, irrespective of the current rate of interest, while a fall of income will mean smaller savings. The same will apply to the savings concealed in business reserves: they will not be affected in most cases by changes in the current rate of interest but will be determined by the amount of net profits in excess of the fixed interest charges and the rate of dividends which the directorate thinks desirable to pay to shareholders. But even if a good deal of saving were virtually automatic, this would not impair the validity of the price mechanism provided that there were a large body of savings that was regulated by the rate of interest, and the prospect of profits from new investments. Now, as we see, saving is not by any means identical with investment. Looking first to rate of interest for new savings, it is, I hold, not possible to find any large amount of saving amenable to the mechanism of price, i.e., varying closely with rate of interest. Even among lower incomes, where saving means a real abstinence, there is no ground for holding that a rise or fall of interest affects appreciably the aggregate of their saving. Much of their saving consists of fixed payments on houses, insurance and other provisions for future welfare, while post-office and other savings will be determined in amount far more by available surplus than by rate of interest. The aggregate supply of saving is hardly more determined by its price than is the aggregate supply of labour, though its apportionment to different fields of investment is, of course, closely controlled by the price mechanism.

The irrationality of a distribution of income which contains such a large amount of rents, surplus profits and other unearned elements is necessarily reflected in an irrational attempt to save and invest an excessive proportion of those incomes which contain this surplus. This saving, as we see, even continues where savings cannot get invested because the capital structure has already been overbuilt. That actual over-investment has taken place is attested by the unemployment of large parts of the capital structure. When the attempt of surplus incomes to spill over into savings begins during trade prosperity those savings are absorbed in the investment market and large parts of them are converted into ownership of enlarged and improved plant. During this period there is no unemployment only a larger proportion of productive power going into the instrumental industries, a smaller into the consumptive industries. After a little time it becomes manifest that the enlarged capital fabric could turn out increased products which could not be sold at a profit. This marks the beginning of a general depression, with a reduction in the profits that form the bulk of surplus incomes and a consequent reduction in the volume of saving. But, as we see, even this reduced saving cannot without great delay pass into capital investment. Not until incomes are so reduced that a period of actual "under-saving" takes place can recovery begin. This period of "under-saving" is accompanied by a considerable letting down of industrial and other plant and of the more durable forms of consumptive goods. When this under-saving and this letting-down have gone so far as to reduce output below the level of current demand and so to raise the price level, a "natural" recovery begins, ushering in a new era of prosperity presently to be subjected to the same malady of over-saving, over-investment, depression, under-saving and under-investment. If incomes were more equally divided, or if surplus elements of income passed out of individual ownership and were annexed by the State for expenditure on social services, this recurrent disequilibrium need not take place. Since the demand for consumptive goods and services would be greatly enlarged by such a policy, more productive capital would be required, and, though the proportion of saving to spending would be reduced, the actual amount of saving (done by individuals and society) would be greater and would be less wastefully employed. A smaller proportion of saving would take place out of a total income greatly enlarged by full and regular employment of the factors of production.

J. A. HOBSON

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Certain topics should, of course be carefully avoided: e.g., politics, religion, and such subjects as call for the views or opinions of professed specialists. This, however, leaves a very large field open to the free-lance; indeed, it leaves him at liberty to range over the whole field of human interests.—From an article on journalism in *New Britain*.

A pig with an almost human face was born in a litter of sixteen to a farmer at Sheet, Petersfield. It only had one eye and a long snout above it and was in other ways a definite freak. It lived only a few hours.—*Portsmouth Evening News*.

The Royal holiday cruise, which ended at Southampton yesterday with the return of the Canadian Pacific liner *Duchess of Richmond* from a seven-weeks' cruise to the West Indies, has created a rigid code of rules for women's fashions afloat.

In deference to Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria, who were on board, the women passengers decided that the wearing of bathing costumes or pyjamas for tea in the lounge would be considered a breach of good taste.—*News-Chronicle*.

As to the restoration of the "cuts" to the unemployed, frankly, he did not think in one sense that the unemployed had any right to anything. What they got was charity given to them out of the kindness of the hearts of other people, and it was quite right that people who were unable to keep themselves should be saved from starvation. But the fundamental question was not what the unemployed or others would "like to receive," but what the community could afford to give. Unemployment was largely due to the unemployed, through their organisations, being unwilling to offer their services on terms acceptable to the purchasers of those services.—Mr. R. D. Holt, president of the National Reform Union, reported in the *Manchester Guardian*.

Miss Acton pointed out that one of the essential principles of the Co-operative movement was its abstention from party politics. Women Conservatives must work for a return to that principle. They must get on Co-operative committees and stamp out the political element.—*Morning Post* report of conference of Wessex Women Conservatives.

SECTS

IT is very difficult for human beings to agree with each other for long. Even when people who agree with each other do all in their power to perpetuate the agreement by forming themselves into a society, unexpected little rifts gradually appear, excited words are exchanged at committee meetings, and a vehemently disagreeing member resigns.

Humanitarians, it seems to me, must be particularly prone to mutual dissension. At least, we have had a surprising number of tense scenes in recent years at meetings of people who agreed that cruelty to animals ought to be prevented but who disagreed as to the definition of cruelty. One would imagine that it would be easy enough to find a minimum programme on which all haters of cruelty to animals could unite. Few people are in doubt as to what cruelty to a cat or a dog or a horse means. Everybody with an imagination detests such things as the export of old horses to foreign slaughter-houses, the common methods of trapping wild birds, the snaring of rabbits in a way that may cause night-long agony. Foxhunters and staghunters are as indignant at the maltreatment of a dog as vegetarians. The vivisectionist and the anti-vivisectionist are at one in their detestation of the householder who leaves a cat to starve while he is away on a summer holiday. It seems merely common sense that all these haters of cruelty should be able to meet on a common platform. As things are, however, in humanitarian societies (as in most other societies), there is always a number of people who emphasise points of disagreement rather than points of agreement. Some of them cannot abide a foxhunter, and would prefer not to have a foxhunter's assistance even in furthering a cause on which they agree with him. They would expel him from their midst. Others believe that the Grand National involves cruelty to horses, and that, therefore, no one who runs a horse in that race is a fit person to protest against the vivisection of dogs. Others would insist on hatred of the caging of birds as an essential of orthodoxy. And so on, with as much squabbling as theologians ever indulged in in days when every man had his own theology.

Last week, for example, there was a lively scene at a meeting of a society for the suppression of cruel sports. It was discovered that one of the members, a lady, had poisoned a fox, and somebody moved a resolution to expel her from the society. The lady maintained that poisoning the fox was not an act of cruelty, but an act of kindness. The fox was killing her lambs and chickens, and, in order to be kind to the lambs and chickens, she had to get rid of the fox. Another member, who does not seem to have objected to the poisoning of foxes in a general way, protested that the poison used was a particularly cruel one; and the scene ended with the departure of the lady, declaring that she had done more for the cause of kindness to animals than the lot of them.

Lovers of animals have long been divided on the subject of the fox. They all want to kill him, but they disagree violently as to which is the pleasantest way to kill him. The foxhunter—who is really fonder of foxes than anybody else—maintains that the little fellow prefers to be hunted to death. The enemies of blood sports, who have not a good word to say for the fox, maintain that it is cruel to hunt him and that he ought to be poisoned or shot. Now, apparently, they are divided on the question of what poison ought to be used. If I were a fox, I think I should feel rather cynical about the benevolence of human beings, all of whom advocated kindness to animals and all of whom wanted to kill me. I should not be inclined to feel effusively grateful to someone who made an impassioned appeal that, for my own sake, I should be shot at sight. It is true that if it were decided to poison me I should be thankful to anybody who insisted that the poison must be painless. But I should dream of the day on which some member of the tender-hearted human race would inaugurate a Society for the Preservation of Foxes, sans hunting, sans shooting, sans poisoning. It is an extraordinary fact that, with all the multiplication of humanitarian societies in recent times, no one has yet made the simple suggestion that foxes should be allowed to live. Here, surely, is room for a new sect in a sect-riven company of kindly but argumentative men and women.

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that the humanitarians are more factious than human beings in general. Human beings are always factious where they are allowed to be. Even so powerful an organisation as the Catholic Church has had many a desperate struggle to keep the cells of the honeycomb together. As for the Protestants, the sects into which they have divided themselves are as the sands of the sea. The truth is, in Protestantism, any man with a square jaw had only to shout, "I protest," to found a new church. How many Methodist denominations has the world seen in the short period since Methodism was founded? In America alone, according to the Encyclopaedia, there have been the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Union American Methodist Episcopal, the African Methodist Episcopal, the African Union Methodist Protestant, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion, the Methodist Protestant, the Wesleyan Methodist, the Congregational Methodist, the Congregational Methodist (Coloured), the New Congregationalist, the Zion Union Apostolic, the Coloured Methodist Episcopal, the Primitive Methodist, the Free Methodist, the Independent Methodist, and the Evangelistic Missionary. It is interesting to learn that all these sects "agree essentially in doctrine."

My own church, the Presbyterian, does not seem to have been so lavish of sub-divisions as this; but we have had our disagreements. In the world in which I grew up, one heard of the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, the United Presbyterians, the Reformed Presbyterians, and the Covenanters (who maintained, I believe, that the Queen ought to sign the Solemn League and Covenant); and the Unitarians described themselves as Presbyterians (Non-subscribing). I myself had never the faintest notion as to how most of these churches differed from the others. No doubt, each of the sects owed its origin to a strong-minded man who united to many other admirable qualities a passion for disagreement.

When once the passion for disagreement takes control there is no telling to what lengths you will go. You may begin as a Methodist, and you may end as a Bible-reading Temperance Methodist, excluding everybody who does not agree with you about Jonah and the Whale, or who is seen entering a public house. It is always easy to find new tests of orthodoxy. Are there not two sects which differ passionately on the question whether, in making a cup of tea, the tea or the milk should be poured into the cup first? It is a question, I believe, in regard to which no man has been known to die for his principles; but in America, no doubt, the wrong way of pouring out tea will in time be regarded as sufficient cause for divorce. It is, at least, as serious a matter as many of those on which the churches have quarrelled with each other.

My own conviction is that 50 per cent. of divisions arise not from a serious difference of principles but from quarrelsomeness. Go into almost any movement, and you will find somebody getting up some evening and declaring that everybody else in the movement is half-hearted and incompetent and putting forward his own policy as the only right one. Occasionally it does happen to be the right one; but, in most cases, it is merely evidence that the speaker is a man who cannot work easily with other people. Division is the breath of life to him. If he found himself in Heaven he would get up and make a speech in favour of the abolition of the harp as an out-of-date musical instrument unsuited to the circumstances of Paradise.

I confess I have a great sympathy with the army of the dissatisfied who look about longingly for causes of dissatisfaction. At their best they make committee-meetings interesting, and any man who can make a committee-meeting interesting is as welcome as an angel. They are dramatic interruptors of dullness. And, once in a while, they do some good.

At the same time, I am afraid, the present trend of civilisation is against them. The minority of one is having less and less

of a good time in one country after another. In Russia, in Germany, and in Italy he is suppressed as a nuisance. Compulsory agreement is everywhere, except in old-fashioned countries, the order of the day. The joys of disagreement will soon be a peculiarly island privilege. Even those sturdy sectarians, the German Protestants, are being marshalled into line. I regret it, because I believe that without variety of opinion life would be intolerable—especially without variety of opinion about trifles. I sometimes become impatient of people who have such a passion for disagreement that they cannot agree even with people with whom they agree. To listen to them squabbling, however, is part of the price that must be paid for liberty. And who can deny that it is—occasionally—amusing? Y. Y.

ANIMALS' PLAY

ANIMALS' capacity for play is easily their characteristic most endearing to ourselves. If they did not gambol, did not imitate, make-believe, obviously overflow in spirit, there would be fewer zoos and fewer visitors to them, fewer cats at the fireside, dogs in kennels and birds behind the window. Play of animals touches our hearts.

And conversely it is probably for the same reason that most of us have no great affection for fishes or lizards or snakes, nor feel anything but intense dislike for that large, grim, silent phylum that comprises the crabs and lobsters, the spiders and scorpions, and all the insects, and is called Arthropod. I have often come away from the insect house at the Zoo with a feeling of real nausea, and wondered what it was that disgusted, depressed, and even half frightened me. Positively, I think, it is their slow, reasonless, undivertible intentness. But what is it negatively? what do they lack? One might say they lacked a sense of humour, and be stating a rather obvious but still somehow relevant fact. But one probably could not do better than say: they never play.

This division of the forms of life into those that can, and do, play, and those that do not and cannot is, in fact, an important and significant one. Only mammals and birds play—the warm-blooded creatures. And it is the warm-blooded creatures whose lives are by far the least guided by instinct: there is the significant connection. A German, Karl Groos, was the first to stress and satisfactorily explain this connection. And he did it so well that although his book, *The Play of Animals*, was first published in 1897, it is still not superseded—Wells and Huxley, for example, in their *Science of Life* call it a classic. The insect, it is pointed out by Groos, is marvellously complete with instincts; it has practically nothing to learn. The mosquito can fly perfectly—and sting perfectly—as soon as it has changed from that eagerly wriggling larva, hanging head-downwards from the surface of the water, and has squeezed out from its sheath and dried its wings; the bee can build her cells, always hexagonal, can perform the honey-dance to inform her mates of a new store found, all without learning. But with birds and mammals it is different; the inherited memory is not there, those incredibly specialised brain tracks do not exist. Indeed, it is only with a great effort that we can realise how much of the elementary art of keeping alive we humans have had to learn. A scientist had spectacles made for himself that inverted everything and another pair that changed all he looked at from left to right. In either case the most elementary movements, such as feeding himself, he had to relearn.

The advantage then, from this reasoning, would seem at first sight to be with those forms of life so well equipped with particular instincts. And yet we all know that the *skill* of the mammal, his power to reason and to adjust his action finely in an emergency, is an infinitely more useful possession than the most perfect set of particular (but unadaptable) instincts. The only question is: How does the mammal acquire this skill, this power of reasoned and delicate response?

And the answer is, of course, play. So Karl Groos, with much detail, pointed out. He called play an instinct in itself—one *generalised* instinct in substitution for a great number of particular ones. He showed in strict Darwinian fashion how the possession of such a generalised instinct would have a "survival value." If you have acquired no complete set of cut-and-dried answers to the problems of life, but only a single urge to find out the answers for yourself, then you have set a premium at once upon intelligence. And, since intelligence is, without question, Nature's most powerful weapon for progress, those who use intelligence will win the race from those who do not.

Karl Groos quotes innumerable examples to prove his point that play is for the young an instinct—is, that is to say, a definite urge. Before his time the "surplus energy" theory of play had been generally considered satisfactory, the idea that play was merely an ebullition of "animal spirits." Groos grants that such a bubbling-over is often there—but points out that it by no means need be so. The puppies who lie panting at each other, and then are at their mock-battle again, though they are with painful obviousness still exhausted; the child who is too tired to walk home, but will run and skip and forget its fatigue if a game is made of it all; such examples show how the instinct to play inexorably pushes the young on. A rather startling proposition in fact caps his theory; youth, he says, exists in mammals (in contrast to its relative non-existence in cold-blooded creatures) just so that they can play. Young mammals do not play because they are young; they are young so that they may play.

And what is play? It is mimicry and make-believe. It is, biologically speaking, a practice of powers that have appeared in a crude form early in life, so that when they are needed later they may already be near perfection. It is not enough for the grown animal to have the simple and unelaborated instinct to fight or to fly in an emergency; he must have practised those responses assiduously. The necessity for mimicry, therefore—mimicry of one's elders—is obvious. But the need for make-believe is essential too. For the real situation either will not or cannot be allowed to arrive in youth. The kitten must needs be able to pretend to itself that the paper is the live mouse before it can acquire the skill to catch one; the hare must learn to be fleet and nimble without a real carnivore after it every time. And so we begin to see how the enormous power to make-believe arrives in us humans. It has again a "survival value"; it is a part of us, it is a fundamental instinct. Our theatre and our arts come (*via* the meetings and ceremonies and solemn dances of primitive man) from this manifestation of the mammal's necessary urge to play.

And though that is an old story, perhaps it has not been pondered upon quite enough. Karl Gross pondered upon it further, and came to the conclusion that there was an added inducement to make-believe in the "freedom" that it gave. In real life we are too often the playthings of the opposing forces about us. But in make-believe it is ourselves who are always the masters, who *make things happen*. Life, in fact, is too real—and so play is earnest. All of us—all of us warm-blooded animals—love to feel that we are the prime movers of something, however trivial; we love to "work our own sweet will." And so the little boy knocks the snow off the wall as he passes, the little bear tears up paper, the young ape delights to drum, the parrot knocks over the water in his cage. We all (says Karl Groos) find joy in "being a cause"—we all (as the psycho-analysts say now) love to exert the power instinct.

Man, however, loves to play and make-believe through all his life; there we are different from the other mammals who do not seem much driven by the play-instinct once they are grown up. And here we may leave our German scientist, who has little to say on adult play except that we continue naturally what we have found so pleasant in our youth. Later naturalists have differentiated adult play and called it "sportive play"—the desire to use up energy and to exercise pent-up skill in as thrilling a manner as possible. It is the birds who, besides ourselves, play most when they are no longer young. And it is the birds who are excitable creatures, have a blood heat even

above our own, and have another element and another dimension in which to sport. Even yet the stunters at our air pageants have not rivalled the thrills the birds sometimes give themselves. (And there is an amusing and almost pathetic story of those solemn birds the penguins giving themselves ecstatic joy-rides on pack-ice drifting in a current.)

And yet man is the supreme grown-up play addict. The urge has, in fact, become most elaborated in him, the most elaborated creation. It may be caused by many desires, seemingly contradictory, but all arising from that original generalised instinct of the warm-blooded. We may play from a desire to practice and "keep fit," from a desire to turn from difficult reality to pleasant make-believe, a desire to exercise power and skill, a desire for excitement, a desire to achieve thrills. And, since leisure is becoming an increasing factor in our world, perhaps increasingly by our play we shall know ourselves: to tell which of those desires has produced a society's typical play may well be to put a finger on the pulse of that society's well-being. . . .

And, after a recent visit to the London Zoo, I have felt, personally, that of those causes for play, human as well as merely mammalian, the desire for excitement was more potent than perhaps any scientist had allowed. There are caged together in Regent's Park a gibbon and a tree kangaroo. These two mammals could hardly be farther apart in evolution's scale—the marsupial and the primate—certainly they would never naturally have met. And yet they play together with the utmost good humour. The kangaroo can always hold his own. But it is the gibbon who is the more agile and, rather obviously I think, the keener on the sport. He uses the kangeroo's tail as a handle, as a thing to swing on. He teases. And he is pathetically anxious to play. He will wait so patiently whilst the kangaroo thinks of something else; he so wants, in fact, a little excitement. Watching him, I was reminded irresistibly of that human phrase, to be heard from housewife, and even husband, equally in slum and suburbia, "It will," they say hopefully, encouragingly, and perennially, "well, it will be a bit of a change." H. E. MELLERSH

NO JOKE?

The Munich police have warned shopkeepers against displaying comic post-cards about beer-drinking, or which "stupidly poke fun at our country people!"

PROSIT! At least, mein Herr, you'll find
This new crusade of yours effective
In showing us the Aryan mind
As psychologically blind
To any question of perspective.

No law can bind a jest in chains,
For though the jester's mouth be shut
By horrid penalties and pains,
The jest lives on; one choice remains—
To share the laugh or be its butt.

And when you harry those who poke
(On post-cards we must be bereaved of)
Their simple fun at simple folk,
You make yourself a wilder joke
Than any that they ever dreamed of.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS

SIR,—Apropos of the rebuke administered by a statesman to the Archbishop of York, is it not time the Church told politicians to keep out of religion? Ought we not to say to politicians, "thus far and no farther?" The vexed question of relation between religion and politics has to-day no further importance, for there is no longer any frontier between the spiritual consciousness of humanity and political ideals. I would say to the politicians, "You have depressed a large class of society in respect of their elemental needs of existence and by so doing you have taken that class away from the sphere of humanity and caused their energies to become poisoned and frenzied; you have thus closed to the appeal of religion the outlet of healthy creative forces and caused them to turn backward. At your hands the divine power in man is being driven to infernal purposes; those who speak in the name of religion you silence, and so make them tacit supporters of unequal sacrifices. Of their silence you make a justification of a false and dangerous independence of those vital activities of the commonweal which you call "politics," and the modern dope is administered by you under the guise of good intentions and hopes which you are aware cannot be realised as long as authority without power is enthroned.

We ask you, therefore, to loosen your stranglehold upon the basic necessities of a large class of the community so that the moral and spiritual meaning of life may become articulate. We will keep out of your way when you cease to invade the realms of human brotherhood by the imposition of sacrifices that have no meaning for the poor in a world of plenty. When you are of sufficient stature to command the waiting allies of sufficiency in earth and air and sea there will be time to speak of sacrifice in its spiritual meaning of sharing for the common good and not destroying for sectional ends; but the sacrifice you are asking for to-day is the sacrifice of humanity for blind reasons. It is not for us to tell you how you can do this, but it is our bounden duty to tell you that you are making us partakers of a great evil if you try to silence our voices." PERCIVAL GOUGH,
Rector of Acton

The Rectory,
Acton, W.3.

THE BUDGET SURPLUS

SIR,—In the first comment of your issue of March 10th you state that the great body of decent people think that the first charge on the expected Budget surplus should be the restoration of the cuts in unemployment pay. I claim to be a member of this body; but I believe that the whole country, including the unemployed themselves, will obtain greater ultimate benefit if that first charge on the surplus is otherwise utilised. What I have in mind is the transfer of the money which has been saved by cuts in unemployment pay to a fund for providing the unemployed with work in national development and improvement schemes. At the present time there is ample scope and urgent necessity for undertaking developments which will improve the social as well as economic life of the country. For example, the recent droughts have drawn attention to the need of a more comprehensive scheme of waterworks in rural areas, and slum clearances, roads, land drainage and reclamation, harbours, and electricity extensions are a few of the many other possible developments.

The most severe criticism that can be levied against the National Government is their failure to seize this unique opportunity of decreasing a large percentage of unemployment by raising a loan for the immediate prosecution of such works on a large scale. The fact that existing low interest rates would enable a loan to be raised on exceptionable terms, and that its cost would be offset to a great extent by the reduction in the total payments on the dole, means that the country would secure the permanent benefit of these necessary works for a comparatively small outlay. Not least of all the advantages that would accrue is the rescue of hundreds of thousands of men from misery and despair and their rehabilitation as self-respecting members of the community. Furthermore, it is impossible to gauge the extent of the fillip to trade generally by the confidence which such activity would create, apart from the new avenues opened up by the completed works. This is a project which has often been publicly discussed before, perhaps without sufficient force and conviction, for it has never received the attention it deserves. The bold constructive policy which it demands has so far frightened the Government into inactivity, but the time for its adoption is so ripe that I make no excuse for again stating its case and urging that a start should be made by providing the nucleus of a fund out of any surplus in the Budget obtained from cuts in unemployment pay. MAXWELL MORRIS

29 Edwardes Square, W.8.

THE GREAT WEN

SIR,—In the leading article, "The Great Wen," in your last issue, you refer to the "Greater London of the census, which covers the Metropolitan Police District," and then go on to give

a list of local authorities operating in this area. The list includes, amongst others, "about fifty municipal borough councils, more than one hundred urban district councils, and sixty or so rural district councils." But there is nothing like that number of any of these authorities within the Metropolitan Police district, which I believe extends only to a radius of about fifteen miles from Charing Cross. What is the explanation of these remarkable figures? LONDONER

[We apologise. The figures, of course, are not applicable, and were never meant to apply, to the Greater London of the census. The explanation is that a sentence has dropped out of the article, in which we said that Greater London really went far beyond the limits of the Metropolitan Police District (though how far might be a matter of opinion), and that for the sake of argument—or, rather, of illustration without argument—we would take the whole area of the five Home Counties, plus the Administrative County of London. It was to this area that our figures applied, and for this they are correct, except that the number of county boroughs should have been five and not four.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE UNEMPLOYED IN AMERICA

SIR,—Mr. John Strachey's article in your last issue was an interesting description and criticism of the commissary system of relieving the unemployed. But its title, *The Unemployed Under the New Deal in America*, was too comprehensive. The conditions he describes are doubtless prevalent in Pennsylvania, and in some other States. But the commissary system is by no means universal. My impression, gathered after a tour through thirty-seven States, was that the most common form of relief was the payment of one dollar per head per week in the form of orders on grocers. The orders stipulated that payment was to be made only in certain specified commodities. When I was in Seattle last April the unemployed were "striking" (refusing to do test work) against payment in vouchers and demanding cash. Similar strikes have taken place, under the leadership of Unemployed Citizens' Leagues, all over the country.

In many parts of the country the authorities have for many months regularly paid rents and provided lighting and heating for the unemployed. As Mr. Strachey moves westward, he will no doubt visit Milwaukee. I hope you will ask him to describe the system of centralised purchase of food and its distribution to the unemployed which is adopted here. Rent, light, and fuel are also provided in that city. Most interesting of all would be an article describing the present position of the organised Unemployed Leagues. Those directed from Columbus, Ohio, by the Conference for Progressive Labour Action are perhaps the best known. H. A. MARQUAND

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of South Wales and Monmouthshire.

MR. ELLIOT'S AGRICULTURAL POLICY

SIR,—It is difficult to deal with an anonymous correspondent who accuses one of ignorance. I can assure "K" that I am fully aware of the genesis of the Marketing Boards, but even the comparative spaciousness of the weekly press does not permit starting at Genesis, or there would never be time to finish the sermon. It is just because I admire Mr. Elliot's energy and agree with the general scheme of marketing boards that I regret so deeply certain other parts of his policy. The exact paternity of these Boards is of no great importance—possibly the Labour movement could put in the best claim—but if Mr. Elliot is to take the credit for them he must also take responsibility for the rest of the Government's agricultural policy. In the next year or two the Labour Party will have to decide what attitude to adopt towards these schemes, and it is lamentable that a sound piece of agricultural organisation should be connected in the popular mind with an objectionable method of controlling foreign imports, and with an almost immediate demand for what is virtually a subsidy. It will be very hard to justify the existence of a series of Boards all demanding protection, and also direct financial assistance; especially if the latter, as is already the case with sugar beet and will probably be the case with milk, is mostly absorbed by intermediaries between the producer and consumer.

May I be a little more generous to "K" than he has been to me, and assume a knowledge of post-war Continental experiments in State marketing schemes? Surely he will agree that direct assistance has usually developed into a regular subsidy, which after a few years has often led to a fatal reaction? G. T. GARRATT

CO-OPERATIVE DIVIDENDS

SIR,—The author of the article "The Anti-Co-operative Stunt" clearly indicates how foolish the Co-operative societies were in calling their biennial distribution on purchases a "dividend" instead of by its correct description—a "discount." The latter term would in itself have prevented the stunt to which he refers owing to its obvious application to other trade discounts.

There is, however, one aspect of this campaign—which miraculously ceased the day following the L.C.C. results—that has apparently escaped attention. If a distribution to purchasers out of surplus funds is not to be accounted a trade expense in income-tax assessment, could a distribution to purchasers in the form of prizes for football, cinema and other competitions be treated as a trade expense? and losses incurred on encyclopaedias? Surely my Lord Beaverbrook should be congratulated on his disinterestedness, not only in accepting advertisements from chain stores which are ruining small shopkeepers, but also in advocating a policy which will inevitably lead to an increase in his own taxation, at least equal to 25 per cent.—at present rates—of the newspaper prizes he offers. HUGH FRANKLIN

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THE PSYCHOLOGIST AND THE LAW-BREAKER

SIR,—May I remind Dr. Harry Roberts—to whom I am extremely grateful—of my definition of a psychologist: "one who wants to know where the other fellow's shoe pinches—and *why* it pinches"? So far as the law-breaker is concerned, the psychologist should direct his attention towards diagnosis, which entails very careful history taking. Treatment may, or may not, come within his province afterwards; but his first job is to help in finding the answer to the question, "Why are you in that dock?"

It has been my luck to interview a number of children "on probation": to endeavour to discover *why* they had got into trouble. The results were illuminating. They made it so very clear that juvenile delinquency depends, not so much upon inherent or acquired viciousness, as upon this or that accident of social environment. The outstanding cause of delinquency, in the cases I investigated, was poverty—which implies so very much more than mere lack of pence. No psychologist can cure that. He can do no more than suggest the method of cure. He is in the position of the physician who, having spotted a fulminating appendix, is helpless until he gets the aid of the craftsman—the operating surgeon.

I agree with Dr. Roberts when he says that an educated man endowed with average sensibility is as capable of making the diagnosis as a doctor or a professional psychologist; for, after all, doctors and psychologists have their limitations. The trouble is that in the Courts such men seem to be lamentably absent, or to have little opportunity. The consequences are, only too often, rather distressing. A DOCTOR

MORE ABOUT BACON

SIR,—It is extremely interesting to compare the average price of bacon during the last three months of the pre-Quota period with the average price during the months of November, December and January last, when the Quota was in full swing.

From November, 1931, to January, 1932, we imported 2,824,892 cwt. at an average of 48*s.* per cwt. and a total cost of £6,776,389. Two years later for the same period, under the Quota, we imported 1,964,623 cwt. at an average of 70*s.* per cwt., and a total cost of £6,883,876. It will thus be seen that the average price has jumped up 22*s.* per cwt. (from 48*s.* to 70*s.*) and the total paid is £107,489 more than the 1931 figure for nearly a million cwt. less (860,269 cwt. less to be exact). Or to put it another way. Taking the 1,964,623 cwt. imported in the three months 1933–4, the cost at 70*s.* per cwt. was £2,111,085 more than was paid for a similar quantity in 1931–2 at 48*s.* per cwt.

Another point which seems to have been lost sight of is that contracts made between farmers and English curers for pigs to be delivered between November, 1933, and 28th February, 1934, amounted to about 650,000 pigs.

It is pretty certain that these contracts have not been fulfilled and the shortage is placed at as high a figure as 150,000 pigs by

many of those in a position to judge. If the figure is only 50,000 short delivered, however, this would represent a total delivery of 150,000 pigs per month or 450,000 in the months under review. These 450,000 pigs at 12*s.* per score (taking 7½ score as a good average) would be worth £4 10*s.* each. The total value of all the English pigs converted into bacon during that period, therefore, was £2,025,000 or £86,085 less than we paid the foreigner for the additional cost of his bacon under quota, and if the shortage was more than 50,000 suggested, then of course the position would be that much worse.

The bacon eaters of this country would have been £86,085 better off if they had been without the quota and had given the farmer 12*s.* per score for the mud in his farmyard instead of for his pigs!

ALAN SAINSBURY

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ROAD ACCIDENTS

SIR,—I was much interested in the comparative figures of road accidents in England and America, given by Mr. Davidson in last week's issue, and his conclusion that the higher incidence of casualties in this country is mainly due to overcrowding on less-suitable roads. I believe there may be another reason—the effect of our curious "horse-power" taxation on the controllability and safety of British cars. In existing circumstances most motorists are perforce tax-thrifty, and the result is that our roads are crowded with underpowered and overloaded cars buzzing along at the limit of their revs. Any driver knows that a big and adequately engined car is much easier to control than one of these fussy low-powered contraptions, however much they claim the "big car feeling."

It may be asked, "Why, then, do insurance companies charge higher premiums according to the horse-power rating? Does that not prove that high horse power means greater risks?" I do not think so. The replacements to a larger car, if it has an accident, are naturally more costly and more passengers stand the chance of being involved. The horse power, in fact, seems to be taken as a rough gauge of size and engine value—witness the exceptionally low premium charged on the 30 h.p. Ford. The public readily blames speed. It is easy to see that a very slow car is unlikely to have accidents; but it is less easy to realise that mathematically an infinitely fast car is also immune. The capacity for acceleration is a safeguard, and most Continental and American cars have it. The so-called "horse-power" rating not only makes the majority of our cars unsafe, but it also seriously handicaps our manufacturers in world and Colonial markets. It ought to be abolished as soon as possible.

H. P. GARWOOD

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SIR,—"Ninety miles an hour in the family car." Is it any use discussing how to reduce the slaughter on the roads when a heading like the above, in flaming type, appears in the middle page of a daily which boasts of its mammoth circulation? The article following is, of course, all of a piece. One can imagine its effect on the large number of motorists who are totally lacking in a sense of responsibility and think only of speed. Is "incitement to murder" an exaggerated description of an inflammatory appeal of this sort?

FRANCIS HUGHESDON

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WAGNER AND MR. W. J. TURNER

SIR,—Surely Mr. Vivian Carter, in his letter in your last issue, is denying one of the fundamental canons of criticism. A critic should write what he feels *himself*, and not what he thinks will be acceptable to the majority of his readers. Mr. Desmond McCarthy, in his book *Criticism*, writes what is no less true of Musical than of Literary Criticism: "One of the main functions of a critic, when he is expounding the literature of the past, is to put the reader at the point of view from which its contemporaries saw that literature, at the same time, of course, judging it from his own; and confronted by contemporary literature, to show its relations to the world to-day."

Mr. W. J. Turner is applying this principle to Wagner. All art reflects the age in which it is produced. Wagner was an experimentalist, and his works lack the universality of those of, for example, Mozart and Delius.

I suggest that in fifty years' time Wagner's works will be useful to the student, as essays in a new technique, but will no longer be performed, because they are the work of the technician rather than the artist. In 1984 Wagner may have joined many of those who figure in Mr. Carter's list of "great names" of the period in the black mists of obscurity.

RAGLAN HILL

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FRENCH IDIOMS

SIR,—Your critic Mr. D. Garnett is quite right in thinking that "all this money has vanished into thin air" is a rather loose translation of: *tout cet argent a passé au bleu*. But his suggestion does not seem to get nearer the truth. *Bleu*, in this idiom, is no more connected with blue ruin than with the blue of Heaven: it is the blue used by washerwomen to clean their washing. The phrase ought to be translated "all this money has been washed out." An almost identical idiom in French is: *tout cet argent a été lessivé*.

E. PERROY

Glasgow University.

[Mr. Garnett replies: My inadequate comments on Harrap's Standard Dictionary have brought me much for which to be grateful—first the seeds of the genuine courgette from a great authority on language, then an explanation of Bouvard's slippers. *Gants castor piqués* are thick buckskin gloves. And Mr. Perroy is obviously right in sending us to the *lavoir* where all the gossip and news of the village comes out in the wash.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

"FAIR EMPLOYERS"

SIR,—During the last few years I have met a considerable number of people who like myself are profoundly dissatisfied with the present economic organisation of society, in particular with the poor conditions and insecurity of much employment. They honestly desire to "do something about it," and yet they feel powerless to do anything effective. Frequently they blame the leaders of industry for the evils they deplore. It seems to me (a layman in such matters) that such people not only could, if they wished, effect some change, but are as much to blame for the present conditions as the leaders of industry themselves.

Roughly speaking, I suppose it is true that the leaders of industry do control conditions of employment, but to control conditions of employment simply means to control the money which the labour employed earns for those leaders or those whom they represent. That money comes from us who are consumers, and therefore in the last analysis it is we who have the power to bestow or withhold that control. But how are we to realise that power? Surely it would be comparatively easy for any organisation interested in social progress to compile a register of firms in which conditions of employment and treatment of employees reached a certain standard, and by familiarising consumers with their products to enable consumers in their choice of goods to encourage firms to conform to such a standard, and by the same means eventually to raise the standard. Probably this would mean paying a higher price in many cases, but there are many who could afford the difference and would pay it if they knew that they were thus doing their part in improving conditions.

I would be very interested to know if you or any of your readers know of any such register, either existing or projected; or what other opinions on its feasibility are.

A STUDENT

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Miscellany

PARIS SHOWS

WRITING soon after the death of Renoir, about 1920 that is to say, I took it upon myself to opine that Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Bonnard and Vuillard were the best painters in France. To be sure, I had forgotten Monet, and I have had my doubts about Derain since, but my doubts and omissions are of no importance; what is important, and rather alarming, is that Matisse and Picasso, Bonnard and Vuillard remain the best. No one has arisen since the war to take rank with them.

It must be the war, I think; in France far more than in England one is aware of a lost generation. Picasso and Derain,

the youngest of my five aces, are both a little over fifty: where are the men of forty or thereabouts who should be treading on their heels? They are dead. Probably about the best painter of that generation is Miro, and he of course is a Spaniard. I made a point, while I was in Paris last month, of seeing a number of his pictures at the Galerie Pierre: it was not an exhibition, but it was a representative collection which is, I believe, to form the nucleus of an exhibition soon to be held in London. Miro is a charming artist; no one who saw his ballet *Jeux d'Enfants* can doubt that. He has a great deal of taste, and something more than taste. He has a delicate gift of placing, such a talent for choosing the right spot as a subtle poet will have for the right word. But he is not a great painter, nor anything like one. Compare one of his big canvases—Miro has a passion for big canvases, needing, it seems, room in which to balance his simple forms and colours, much as a couple of amateurs need a floor, whereas professional ball-room dancers can get their effects on a table: compare, I say, a big canvas by Miro with a picture by Picasso, which may be as small as the brooch he painted for his wife, and you will realise the difference between an abstraction that is nourished and expressive and one that is merely decorative. On the other hand, compare his pictures with the collection of Redons now showing at the Petit Palais, and you will probably agree that by virtue of his taste and talent for arrangement Miro holds his own. He is an agreeable minor artist; but if indeed he represents a decade of Parisian painting, then that decade cannot be much superior to a decade of English poetry that could be represented by Poe.

So much having been admitted, it will come as no surprise when I say that the only shows of importance last month were the late Renoirs *chez* Paul Rosenberg and the Hubert Roberts at the Orangerie. But the Renoirs alone are worth a Channel-crossing. M. Paul Rosenberg has done well to confine his exhibition to work of the final years (1909–1919), for this period was sadly neglected in the great exhibition last summer: also it is the best. Last July, at the Orangerie, I was so thoroughly enchanted by the middle period—the period of *La Balance* and *Le Moulin de la Galette*—that I wavered for a moment in my conviction that Renoir was one of those very great artists who have gone on improving to the very end. Not the bitter end, for Renoir in old age, disabled by rheumatism, incapable of using his fingers almost, with his brush strapped to his arm, and afflicted in other ways, still found life sweet. That, this exhibition makes clearer than ever: the glorious old pagan remained undefeated. For the sun remained, the earth and sky, flowers, fruit and running water, faces and movement and the adorable bodies of women and children; and there remained to enjoy them Renoir's eye and Renoir's heart. If the lusts of the flesh had cooled—I am far from sure that they had—the pride of the eye endured. The last pictures Renoir painted are as lyrical and joyous as the first.

People who cannot appreciate Renoir's last manner talk as though for forty years he had pursued the even tenor of his way, and then, suddenly, ten years before his death, had changed. Naturally, this is nonsense. Renoir's art was developing from the first: during the last ten years or so it developed rapidly for various reasons. Technically it developed by reason of his infirmity which compelled him to depend less and less on manual dexterity; and also because he made up his mind, deliberately, so to use colour that his pictures should suffer as little as possible from age. More profoundly, it developed because Renoir came more and more clearly to realise, as all, or almost all, great artists be they painters or poets must, at once the necessity and the possibility of simplification. Sooner or later a very great artist feels that it is a mere waste of time to say anything but his own last word.

For the rest, this magnificent exhibition had a chastening effect on some of my notions concerning this last phase. I came to the conclusion that it was not so much Renoir's range of colour as his power of inventing harmonies that increased with age. His vision, his analysis and interpretation of visual reality, did not change much, I think; it was the expression that developed, gradually at first, at last swiftly. It is excusable to be a little rapturous about Renoir's pictures; but it should be impossible to be either mysterious or high-falutin'. It is all very well saying that his roses are turning into women and his women into roses; in fact, he keeps close to the fact; he is a realist almost. Those sumptuous and amazing tones in which he expresses his sense of fruits and flowers are the very stuff, juice, fibre and essential oils, of which fruits and flowers are made. As for the human form divine, in Renoir's pictures it is invariably made of flesh; and I know not who had rendered flesh better unless it be Rubens. No one ever accused Rubens of being an idealist.

From Renoir to Hubert Robert is a pretty sharp descent, but the two have this in common: both are pleased and both wish to please; both are typically French. A collection of pictures by Hubert Robert is bound to do the artist injustice, because many of them must have been painted to fill a particular place in a particular room and cannot be seen to advantage except in their appropriate setting. Now the exhibition saloons at the Orangerie nowise resemble a Louis XVI boudoir. The moment, on the other hand, is propitious. For Robert was a decorator who enjoyed classical scenes romantically and treated them classically—classically, that is, by comparison with the way in which they would have been treated thirty or forty years later. Indeed, that inevitable precursor and incorrigible preacher Diderot complained that Robert, with his lucid, lively treatment of the Roman ruins, broke in upon the romantic meditation appropriate to the scene. Byron, Michelet and Carlyle might probably have agreed: we, who prefer Merimée and Peacock to the mystery-mongers, agree with Hubert Robert. We like a little romance, but we like it to be taken not too romantically. Also, we are in a mood to enjoy Robert's way of painting imaginary scenes as though they were real, and real scenes as though they were invented. We are delighted to see the pyramid of Caius Cestius cropping up on the banks of the Seine. In fact, we should be quite ready to over-rate Hubert Robert considerably if only he had painted rather better and rather less.

It would be too sad to return from Paris unable even to imagine that one had unearthed a new talent. That humiliation I was spared by the good nature of M. Pierre, who put me on the track of a very young painter called Balthus. He is so young that he has only just finished his military service and has never had a show of his own. I saw three or four of his pictures—one very large. At first glance you might take them for up-to-date, anecdotic pieces, something in the manner of the Spencers, gingered up, as pictures by the Spencers never are, with a dash of prurience. But there is more in them than that. M. Balthus has a vision of his own. He sees a street scene or interior with his own eyes; he sees it sharply and whole: and to what he sees he has his own reaction. In a word, he is personal. Also he has a rather scholarly technique—surprising in one so young—with which to realise his vision. I advise amateurs who happen to be in Paris to call at the Galerie Pierre (rue de Seine), where probably they can be put in the way of seeing a picture or two by this young painter. I do not think they will complain that I have made them waste their time.

CLIVE BELL

LENINGRAD AND LONDON

THERE is to be a music festival in London in May, and also, one is announced in Russia at Leningrad from May 20th to 29th. The Russian music festival is, as far as I know, the first since the war that is to be held on a large scale to attract foreign musicians and music lovers to hear what is being done in Russia at the present moment. The Society for Cultural Relations between the peoples of the British Commonwealth and the U.S.S.R. has sent me particulars of this festival, which is of an extremely interesting character.

The programme of the ten days' festival, is made up as follows :

May 20th.—In the great hall of the Leningrad Philharmonic Society, a symphony concert of the works of Borodin and other Russian classical composers, conducted by Mitropulos.

May 21st.—At the State Theatre of Opera and Ballet, a ballet, *The Paris Flame*, by Afasiev.

May 22nd.—At the Chinese Theatre (Oetskoye Selo), a mixed concert with Moscow and Leningrad artists.

May 23rd.—In the great hall of the Leningrad Philharmonic Society : Classical and modern music. Folk-songs, arranged by Steinberg. Glazounov's Violin Concerto, with Jascha Heifetz as soloist. Conducted by Mitropulos.

May 24th.—Afternoon concert given by young Leningrad musicians, and Russian musicians' *soiree*.

May 25th.—At the State Theatre of Opera and Ballet, *Prince Igor*, by Borodin.

May 26th.—In the great hall of the Philharmonic Society, symphony concert, including works of Tchaikovsky and modern Russian composers. Soloist Heifetz. Conductor Gauk.

May 27th.—At the Little Opera Theatre, *Lady Macbeth of Mstensk*, an opera by Shostakovitch.

May 28th.—In the great hall of the Philharmonic Society, symphony concert, works by Soviet composers, conducted by Gauk. Soloists Shostakovitch and Margarita Heifetz.

May 29th.—At the House of Culture, symphony concert of the works of Soviet composers, including Knipper's " Symphony of Defence." (Bands and choir of Red Army.)

This seems to me to be a music festival of exceptional interest. I am especially attracted by the opera of Shostakovitch, an example of whose work was recently played at a B.B.C. concert. It revealed a new and individual talent, and an opera by this composer may turn out to be an event of real musical importance.

The B.B.C. has not yet announced its programme for its London festival in May, beyond the fact that Bruno Walter and Adrian Boult are to be the conductors. If it is not too late, I should like to put in a plea that this opportunity should be taken to repeat the performance of Alban Berg's opera, *Wozzeck*, which was given for the first time in London last week. It is a great pity that this extremely interesting opera is not included among the novelties to be given this year at Covent Garden. There is really no justification whatever for neglecting a strong artistic work of real importance like *Wozzeck* for that entirely negligible opera *Schwanda* which, with Strauss's *Arabella*, has been chosen as one of the two new operas to be given at Covent Garden. I say no justification because, as *Wozzeck* is at present banned in Germany, I understand that the setting and costumes could have been obtained very cheaply.

I have no doubt that the majority of persons who listened in to *Wozzeck* on the wireless last week cut it off in disgust after a few moments. How could or should it be otherwise ? No doubt there are people who believe that they ought to be able to understand everything and, although I doubt whether a newspaper proprietor would admit that anyone on his staff was capable of understanding him, he would probably believe that there was nothing he could not understand himself. The more modest listeners will simply say this is not for me, but it may be good for others. Nevertheless, I believe that, performed as an opera, many of those who turned it off as ugly or unintelligible, would enjoy *Wozzeck* immensely because of its strong and simple dramatic qualities.

Wozzeck is a melodrama and, although I have not read Georg Büchner's original play (written very early last century), which Alban Berg has taken for his libretto, I would say that the libretto is not a particularly interesting one, in spite of its having a certain topicality in these times. It is a curious fact that nearly all these modern Austrian composers have a bias for a certain type of symbolistic, psychological melodrama. Schönberg has it very strongly as his *Glückliche Hand* and *Erwartung* show. And Alban Berg, who is considered by many to be Schönberg's most gifted pupil, obviously has it too by his choice of *Wozzeck* as a libretto.

In all this there is reflected the present-day intellectual chaos and pessimism which drives so many (especially the more intelligent ones) to take refuge in what they may still consider to be certainties. Murder is one of these " certainties." Rape is another. It is not surprising that after nearly a century of wallowing in humbug and sham idealism (*pace* those who wrote complaining of my attack on Wagner and the latter part of the nineteenth century last week !), the public is " fed-up " with everything but dirt, murder and suchlike " realities." Nobody (less than a million people is a " nobody ") reads what I or Mr. Garry Allighan have to say about Alban Berg. Mr. Garry Allighan makes a face at *Wozzeck*, and I make a face at Mr. Garry Allighan, and nobody knows or cares which face is the more sensible. To begin with, a " face " is much too complex to be sure about. But everybody will read about a murder in the *Evening Standard*, because no matter what the judge or counsel or jury may say, if there is a murder there *is* a corpse and all corpses are just corpses.

Now the hero of Alban Berg's opera, the soldier Wozzeck, is just such a present-day ordinary man in the ordinary man's predicament of having lost completely all grasp of things. Wozzeck listens to the doctor (a highbrow psycho-analyst) and is utterly bewildered. He is bewildered about everything, including himself and his wife ; when his wife betrays him he murders her, and when he has murdered her he murders himself. Complete pessimism !

The great merit of Berg's music is that it is dramatically true and expressive. I doubt if anybody susceptible to music could hear this opera without being moved by it. This means that Berg's work has life and is not the product of mere theorising or craftsmanship and that is a tremendous virtue. In the first act he is somewhat hampered by his technique ; in eschewing older methods he has not yet learned to use effectively his own. But as the opera proceeds Berg's music gets better and better. It is said that he took six years over this work, and if (as I suspect) the first act is the earliest, we have in this opera an example of a composer learning as he goes along. The last act is, in my opinion, the finest. In the concert hall one was able to listen to the music with more concentration than would have been likely at a first performance of *Wozzeck* as an opera. It is more than interesting music, it is genuinely and freshly expressive. What further development Berg is capable of along these lines is not so easy to say, but *Wozzeck* is certainly a work to be proud of.

W. J. TURNER

HIGH AND LOW

The Emperor Jones—*Marble Arch.*
Unfinished Symphony—*Curzon.*
The Search for Beauty—*Plaza.*
The Mystery of Mr. X—*Empire.*

Among the stubborn and irreconcilable fools who will one day sit in the cold circle of the Inferno is the layman who says wherever he finds a story that drifts shapelessly over a wide canvas of continents and centuries : " What a fine movie that would make ! " His brother who will sit next to him is the man who goes to see a play that, perfectly observing the unities, implies a background and a past, and says : " If only it was a movie we could see all that happened when the hero was a boy." It is these two nitwits, in combination with the case of arrested development whose grandmother gave him a Kodak when he was seven years old, who took two exposures on one plate and still thinks the result was a ghost, that have gerrymandered *The Emperor Jones* into an hour and a half of spoiled celluloid.

The people who made this film would adapt *King Lear* to show you the birth of each of his three daughters, or *Hamlet* to show you his father and mother courting. What is the

argument of *Jones*? A Negro whose sophistication builds him an Empire over his fellows, but whose inward real identity with his subjects proves his Achilles' heel. The play, in backgrounding this sophistication, alludes casually to the fact that he was once a Pullman porter. The film wastes an hour in showing us chapels, dance-halls, night-clubs, stock-market rigging, dicing, chain-gang—all totally and utterly irrelevant, a history that might have happened to any Negro in the world, enlarges to us nothing of Jones, and can be explained but not excused by the supposition that its authors are sentimental about Robeson, singing, and Negroes generally, and terribly jealous of the facilities and priority enjoyed by King Vidor when making *Hallelujah*. The play shows us Jones' character in dialogue and action. The film has only about one close up every thousand feet and thus renounces the only language in which it can reveal character. As the long shots are photographed in an arty darkness and the subjects black to begin with, it will be readily understood why not even Robeson's magnificence of voice, face, figure and personality avails to relieve the monstrous dullness. Oh, Murphy! How far to the rear you have advanced since *Ballet Mecanique!*

The Lives of Music Masters afford endless opportunities for bathos, and the Film Society—even helped by the programme clue *Film Society Culture Series No.* 1—is possibly the only audience humourless enough to have sat through one unmoved by laughter. How skilfully, then, is made *Unfinished Symphony* that it contrives to avoid these pitfalls. How neatly, too, is the composer's music used and blended to the narrative. If one has the uncanny feeling that the numerous empty seats in this attractive new theatre are occupied by the auras of endless invisible governesses and crocodiles, that is not a sensation derogatory to the film but a measure of the sympathy with which it has expressed the insipid Schubert.

The lowbrow cinema is more vigorous this week. *Mr. X* is an excellent piece of detective rubbish that makes sudden death thoroughly enjoyable to anyone capable of being amused by it. *The Search For Beauty* is an exposure of the foul wens and dirty-minded publishers who blot our civilisation by pretending to praise health and beauty, while all the time exploiting the sensual pleasure of gazing at comely stripped bodies. As the film itself pretends to praise health and beauty, while all the time exploiting the sensual pleasure of gazing at comely stripped bodies, I suppose there is a joke somewhere. Perhaps it lies in the fact that said sensual pleasure is altogether harmless and social, being one of the few we can enjoy without doing injury to our fellows.

IVOR MONTAGU

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A New Portia

The task of a producer of *The Merchant of Venice* at this time of day must be largely that of covering up the fact that Shakespeare, when he is appealing blatantly to the ordinary prejudices of the Elizabethan playgoer, is hopelessly out of date. It is the unwillingness of Mr. Stanley Bell to subscribe to this mild blasphemy which is responsible for much of the tedium which attends the Alhambra presentation. The trial-scene is superb theatre and succeeds accordingly, with Miss Marie Ney gloriously melting in the Mercy speech, and then, in the peripeteia, Antarctically cutting, and Mr. Franklin Dyall roaring his triumph and whimpering his defeat as Shylock, in a passion which is almost inarticulate. But elsewhere the essential boredom and contempt which the exploits of Bassanio and Lorenzo may be calculated to spread among the average audience receive no mitigation, and there is even a dangerous tendency to present their intrigues in deadly seriousness, instead of in the half-fantastical vein which they demand. Miss Ney herself is partly responsible for this, for her Lady of Belmont has none of the high spirits and spontaneous gaiety which are needed to induce the right fairy-tale atmosphere. She has, instead, a cool poise and wit which reduce the Caskets from instruments of Destiny to mere charade-properties and make even her moving surrender to Bassanio sound curiously hollow. Mr. Dyall puts in his best work in the early scenes, when, in company with Mr. Ivan Berlyn's almost dumb but tremendously effective Tubal, he presents a grim picture of oppressed and malevolent Jewry. For Mr. Jack Livesey's earnest attempt to be disarming as Bassanio, and Mr. Basil Gill's weighty gloom as Antonio, I can offer no more than sympathy.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 23rd—
Mr. Hannen Swaffer on "Palestine," The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.

SATURDAY, March 24th—
Rugby Football. The Army *v.* Royal Air Force, Twickenham.
Elgar Memorial Concert, "The Dream of Gerontius," Albert Hall, 2.30.
Whinyate's String Quartet. Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, March 25th—
C. Delisle Burns on "The Policy of Peace," Conway Hall, 11.
Mark Hambourg, Palladium, 3.15.
Conference on the Austrian Situation, arranged by the Socialist League. Speeches by Rudolf Gessner and Naomi Mitchison, Transport House, Smith Square, 7.45.
Ben Tillett on "The T.U.C. and Socialism," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
"Flowery Walk," Piccadilly Theatre.

MONDAY, March 26th—
Heifetz, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Sir Hilton Young on "Some Problems of Town Planning" Cornwall Hall, Sevenoaks, 8.15.

TUESDAY, March 27th—
Prof. Frederick Hall on "The Influence of Negro Music," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
George Bedborough on "Rationalism: Whither?" Conway Hall, 7.
Mrs. Charles Singer on "Science and Religion," Mary Ward Settlement, 36 Tavistock Place, 8.

WEDNESDAY, March 28th—
National Labour Club Monthly Luncheon. Miss Vera Brittain on "Is Literature on the Side of Peace?" Northumberland Rooms, Northumberland Avenue, 1. Tickets from Secretary.
"The Bride," Strand Theatre.

THURSDAY, March 29th—
"Indoor Fireworks," Aldwych Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MOST serious critics of literature spend a lot of thought picking on little things in the works of great writers and reading profound meanings into them, a form of intellectual exercise which I find terribly boring. A great writer, when he produces a work of art, creates something to which his readers, or audience, will have to devote all their attention, but they must fix it on the whole work. To treat a work of art as a sort of cryptogram from which the author's real meaning and intention have to be extracted is to mistake the fundamental nature of art. For the value of all works of art is their face-value and not a hidden value. The aim of every great artist has been to present what he does present, and it is only the widespread lack of aesthetic sense which makes people believe that there is something more important lying hidden underneath with which the artist was really concerned. It is for those deficient in aesthetic sense that the critics really write and, for them, make their discoveries. Sometimes when I have read the results of such analyses it has occurred to me that the greatest literary mystery, not yet explained, was why the poets wrote in verse and the playwrights for the stage; why the novelists concocted stories about fictitious characters. Could they not have gone to the heart of their matter more straightforwardly and have themselves delivered the kernel of underlying value instead of leaving it for the critics to crack it out of the hard nutshell of art? It is a question that perhaps has puzzled some of them themselves.

* * *

With this preface I will pick on a little thing myself and find a meaning in it which I hope will not be taken as railing at a great writer, or bore my readers as much as it would me, if someone else had written it.

> The Man who had died quickly seized the boat and stepped in and pushed off. The oars were yet warm with the unpleasant warmth of the hands of the slaves.

These words, taken from the last of the 1,138 pages of the really admirable big omnibus volume of *The Tales of D. H. Lawrence* (Secker, 8*s.* 6*d.*), illustrate one of his characteristics very clearly. For a normal man there is nothing unpleasant in touching the warm, polished wooden handle of an oar; the contacts of men labouring together are not, for normal men, disgusting. Why were they so for Lawrence? Only because he hated the slaves. All his feelings of hatred were personal, and directed against human beings. Hatred was too precious an emotion for him to waste it on the inanimate or the accidental. Indeed perhaps he might not have admitted the existence of accident. He was one of the prophets who must always be nagging the human race and who proclaim that it is responsible for all its ills. Possibly this was derived from his mother's psychology, a coalminer's wife, familiar with mining accidents caused by carelessness. Moreover Lawrence took even the greatest disasters personally, which sometimes produces an impression of pettiness in him. It is very noticeable in some of his letters written during the war: millions of men were engaged in killing one another and Lawrence made it a personal grievance. It is a great contrast to turn to Pirandello, a second volume of whose stories has now appeared admirably translated by A. and H. Mayne under the title of *The Naked Truth* (Lane, 7*s.* 6*d.*). They are excellent but a great deal grimmer than those in the volume *Better Think Twice About It*, published last year. They do indeed provide a gallery of very horrible pictures, but human beings are rarely hateful to him and he has no physical loathing of contact with them. Their Sicilian peasant skins are as pleasant as the jackets of baked potatoes; what matter if they are a little earthy? This fundamental sanity, common enough in every old woman who has brought up babies, is unfortunately rare among great writers, who are usually neurotic creatures. The old woman knows not only that the baby is not disgusting, but that it is not its fault for being a baby, unable to speak, think, or look after itself. To Pirandello we are all babies and so must be loved. The horrible things that torment him continually are the unavoidable risks we run, brought about by blind chance, and by our helplessness. Pirandello's obsession is the horror of life: Lawrence's a horror of people.

* * *

One of Pirandello's stories, *The Fly*, is little more than a nightmare of this sort. A beautiful peasant lad, just about to be married and hoping that he would have a dozen children, comes to fetch the doctor, and while waiting for him gets shaved by the barber, who cuts his chin. When they reach the dying man lying in a stable, the doctor diagnoses glanders, and a fly carrying the germ settles on the spot of blood on the young man's chin. We know that he will swell up, turn black and die, but Pirandello just breaks off the story after telling us of the infection. It is interesting to wonder how Lawrence would have treated such a subject. In the first place he would have seen the peasant far more clearly. Instead of a delightful creature, the most charming boy of twenty in any village, Lawrence would have shown us an individual so intimately that the spiritual contact with him would have become rapidly painful. We should soon be trying to escape from an intimacy which threatened to ask too much of us. Lawrence himself is continually trying to break away from his characters, to know them less, whereas other authors are always seeking to know their characters better. Of course Lawrence only too often succeeds in losing hold of them, either by beginning to explain a theory about them or by rambling off into the stormy cloud-land of his thoughts. Thus his characters would not be a young peasant and a harassed doctor: they would be two individuals. And by the time Lawrence had got us to the stable where the sick man was dying we should have become so exhausted by our physical and spiritual intimacy that the fly would provide a welcome release. When Lawrence is at his best, as he very often is in his early stories, which it is a joy to meet again, he brings one so close to his characters that nothing else in the whole art of writing seems for the time worth while. Yet there is always something painful in it: seeing people so close is a bit of a strain. It means seeing the veins throbbing under the flesh and the spirit turning and wriggling like a hooked fish. But it also implies that one cannot get a large view: one wants to step back and get things in their ordinary focus.

* * *

In an anecdote Pirandello describes a man tired out by many sleepless nights and hard working days sitting up with his mother on her deathbed. At last, in despair and absolutely exhausted, he picks up his daughter's geography book and finds refuge:

> All that time I had been in the Island of Jamaica, where the Blue Mountains are, where, from the north, the ground rises very gradually above sea-level until it ends in gently-sloping delectable hills, separated from one another by broad sunny valleys—a brook in every valley and a waterfall on every hill. Under the blue transparent water I had seen the walls of the houses of Porto Reale, submerged beneath the sea in a terrible earthquake . . . yes, really seen it all—yes, really felt the sun beating down as it does on those meadows; and seen the men, women and children looking just as they really do look there, carrying baskets of coffee beans which they spread on the ground to dry. . . . All this with the exact and tangible certainty that it was *true*, in that part of the world so far away; so true that I could feel it and set it up in opposition, as a reality just as vivid as that which surrounded me in the room of my dying mother. That's all it is my friends—nothing more than the *certainty of the reality of life elsewhere, far off and different*; when occasion requires you introduce that vision to counteract the present reality.

Lawrence would not have found consolation in such thoughts. The publishers should have dated Lawrence's stories and have included the earliest ones. I was surprised to see that delightful story *The Shades of Spring* appearing fifth: I believe I read it in manuscript before the first story in this collection, *The Prussian Officer*, was written.

DAVID GARNETT

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MRS. THRALE AND HER DAUGHTER

The Queeney Letters. Being Letters addressed to Hester Maria Thrale by Doctor Johnson, Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi. Edit. by the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Of this collection, thirty-three letters which passed between Hester Maria Thrale and her "affectionate humble servant, Sam: Johnson," have already been published by Lord Lansdowne, who unearthed them among the Bowood Papers, under the title *Johnson and Queeney*. Otherwise, the material of the book is fresh. Here are eighteen letters from Fanny Burney, composed at the height of the domestic hubbub that attended Mrs. Thrale's pursuit and capture of the reluctant Signor Piozzi, followed by no less than fifty—written both before and after what her oldest and most distinguished friend described as an "ignominious" marriage—from that dashing and indomitable widow herself. . . . Dashing but, towards the end, a trifle pathetic. Had Mrs. Thrale not possessed many virtues, in addition to the supreme virtue of providing good meals, good company and an attentive and friendly audience, would Dr. Johnson have honoured, delighted and burdened her with "twenty years of familiar talk"? Had Queeney been an unpleasant little girl, would she have become an object of sentimental, almost voluptuous, solicitude to the scholar who hid his inveterate melancholy beneath mannerisms that suggested a rogue rhinoceros? Mother and daughter were remarkable women; but conflicting virtues are as hard to reconcile as conflicting vices. Mrs. Thrale and Queeney could never agree; Signor Piozzi merely widened the original breach.

Mrs. Thrale remarried in 1784. Lord Lansdowne has supplied not only a general introduction but a long and interesting prefatory note to each of the three main sections into which the book is divided. As Queeney's biographer, he feels obliged to defend her conduct against the apologists who have previously stated the case on Mrs. Thrale's behalf; but I am afraid that, although he has done his work conscientiously and fairly, his heroine still remains a vaguely unattractive, indeed a definitely antipathetic, young woman. One is aware of a certain hardness in her personality. There is no doubt that she "behaved well"; and, at the crisis of her life, when poor Mrs. Thrale, torn by the irreconcilable claims of duty and pleasure—the victim of a middle-aged passion that had brought her to the verge of complete collapse—courted the disapproval of the world at large, the girl of twenty displayed a coolness that did her credit. Yet this, too, may be a point in her disfavour. She was the kind of woman who would have found it difficult to lose her head.

For Mrs. Thrale, alas, nothing was easier. After a leisurely and distant courtship, Queeney, in her forty-fourth year, married an admiral some sixteen years older than herself. "Fair, round, firm and cherubimical" during adolescence, she grew up a very beautiful young girl; but, though one of her sisters made a romantic and unhappy marriage, she remained a wise and unruffled virgin long past the age when virginity is usually considered a source of charm, dying a placid widow in 1858. Her talkative, excitable mother was of different stuff. Quite the most interesting section of this extremely entertaining book is that devoted to Mrs. Thrale's letters. While from Queeney's letters, and the prim and cautious epistles of Fanny Burney, we get, here and there, an impression of slightly self-conscious rectitude, Mrs. Thrale wrote—as, no doubt, she was accustomed to talk—in a lively, picturesque and garrulous flood. Her humanity gilds the surface of every paragraph. That she was a selfish and, in many ways, a silly and wrong-headed woman, who neglected her children and flouted the advice of her friends, Mrs. Thrale's warmest admirers would scarcely deny; but there is something profoundly sad, and, at moments, genuinely heroic, in the spectacle of her naive attempts to "have her cake and eat it," to placate her daughter and to secure the husband of whom her daughter and all her friends heartily disapproved, to continue to write to the "dear Creatures" in England as though she herself had never escaped to Italy.

The tone of her letters gradually changes. On the eve of her departure, she is still writing to Queeney of the discomforts of packing-up, with a liveliness that contains no hint of the dramatic decision from which she has just emerged:

> The last Thing I do is to write to my dear Tit, with a thousand of the best wishes possible: We are all in Confusion worse confounded, Sitting on Trunks as I told Susan and Sophy, and blowing our Noses on Paper. Never was anything but an over-joy'd Spaniel so tired before he set out. . . .

Her next halt is made the theme of a cheerful effusion:

> Well Dearest Tit! here am I at Paris. . . . *Here* nobody seems to be *expected* to be busy; all sit, and chat, and call for Ice to cool them, tho' no appearance of Heat or Haste is discernible in their Countenances or Manner: The Servant lifts himself and his rich Laced Coat leisurely up the Derriere of his tranquil Lady's Equipage, and taking out his Snuffbox looks as if he would never cease to wonder at the Fatigue supported by our dapper Footmen, whose Agility . . . is the Admiration of all the straight-comb'd Nymphs in the Neighbourhood. Here all the Horses are heavy, with long Manes and Tails, and sleek Skins, like those we use in England for Waggons or for Drays. 'Tis fit indeed *some* Animals should remain as God made them, the Men and Women are at an Immeasurable Distance. . . .

And so her belated "treaclemoon" runs its brilliant course. She is at Milan, where during the Carnival "all was Merriment, and Music, and Ebriety of Delight," and a sugar-plum, thrown by a masked reveller, hit the Grand Duke in the eye; beside "the Majestic Danube," as it flowed through "immense Plains of Pasture Land covered with Cattle, and animated by Flights of Birds, with now and then a soaring Eagle"—a river "to which the Thames and the Tyber are no more than Brooks"; or at Berlin, admiring the Elector's green diamond. She *is* very happy, she tells her daughter—happy as she had never been in her life before; and yet a carefully concealed suspicion of homesickness seems to brood over the colourful effusive page.

"Dearest Tit" had dwindled to "My Dear Hester." In 1787, Mrs. Thrale returned home and announced her intention of publishing Dr. Johnson's letters, which were "loudly claimed by the Public." Queeney, however, was averse from the scheme. What was more, she refused to allow her mother to publish the letters that she herself had received, and at the beginning of July, in that same year, "Dear Hester" becomes, suddenly and ominously, "Dear Miss Thrale"—an avowed opponent who is disputing the guardianship of Cecilia Thrale, her youngest surviving sister, and who has been rash and inconsiderate enough "to bathe a lean growing Girl of large Expectations, whom *you* say is unhealthy—in the Sea, without more and nearer Medical Advice than the Isle of Wight would afford." Well, the "lean Girl" lived to marry a dissolute spendthrift; while Queeney reached harbour with an elderly admiral. Queeney's mother—was she wiser or more foolish?—achieved contentment in the meridional embrace of Signor Piozzi.

PETER QUENNELL

THE PLEASURES OF CONCORD

The Life of Emerson. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

This book might well have been called something less misleading. The subject of a biography is almost universally expected to be born and die, and what is more, to maintain a steady connection with time and space in the intervening period: when (as here) he does none of these things, disappointment will ensue, and irritation is perhaps excusable. Mr. Brooks has a more than Emersonian contempt for "circumstance." His method is to haunt Emerson's brain at the right moments, and communicate what he finds occurring there: it may sound well, but it gives one nothing to stand on. One cannot forget that Mr. Brooks himself knows all about it, and his reluctance to pass on information is exasperating. Besides, when a card is obviously being forced on one, the ostentation of non-interference must annoy. A great deal of the book is simply Emerson, not quoted, but, as it were, cribbed—worked into the text, so that he seems to be living his opinions. This, again, sounds well, but the effect is shifty and bewildering: we seem to be walking in twilight, always a little uncertain of surrounding objects. Chunks of direct quotation would give one a straighter look at Emerson, after all: they would avoid the cutting about of his admirable style, and they would be a *rest*, which is much needed in this wilderness of exclamation and parenthesis. It is too easy to lose hold.

But the title is largely responsible for these annoyances. Expect not a Life but a book about Emerson and others, an album of enthusiasts and noble souls: and from that moment enjoyment will begin. During a great part of his life Emerson sat still, like his own often-quoted Egyptians, at Concord, and drew towards him with magnetic force first one or two lone worshippers of the "mighty and transcendent Soul," and at length the whole mob of cranks, seekers and illuminati. For his doctrines were a positive

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declaration of the Rights of Cranks. Let any man, he said, plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and the huge world will come round to him. We are all geniuses: all that Caesar could, you can. Why should I give up my thought because I cannot answer an objection to it? The spontaneous sentiment must have amplest privilege. So he said: and they heard the glad tidings, and fled to him, "each with a pet madness in his brain." "They roamed about the countryside in long gowns and with hair over their shoulders. The vegetarians came; and those who would not eat rice because it was raised by slaves; and those who would not wear leather because it was stolen from animals; and those who rejected vegetables the roots of which grew downwards. . . . The Phrenologists came too, and the Mesmerists, and the Homeopathists, and the Swedenborgians . . . and other, more appealing figures, perplexed, ardent, hopeful, inarticulate." One and all were giving their spontaneous sentiments full play: and they all wanted Emerson to join the dance.

Nor were his intimates much less fantastic: Miss Mary Emerson, the "aunt of genius," who was a prophetess and lived in her shroud: the terrible Margaret Fuller, who had made up her mind in childhood to be "bright and ugly," and whose descent on Emerson makes one shudder even at this distance: Alcott the Pythagorean—but the book is full of them. They were certainly a trial in some ways. They founded communities: the Con-Sociate Family, for instance, with its little piece of land, "redeemed from the curse of ownership . . . where they meant to cultivate their grain, and their upright, aspiring vegetables, not with the enslaving plough . . . but with the spade, the symbol of the creative life. No manure—Nature was not to be forced. No polluting animal food. . . . No tea or coffee to disturb the poise of the physical organism. Bread made from unbolted flour, and shaped, to render it palatable, in the forms of beasts. . . . When the first load of hay was driven into the barn, one member of the household made a little speech: 'I take off my hat, not that I reverence the barn more than other places, but because this is the first fruit of our labour.' Then all fell silent for a time, that holy thought might be awakened." Emerson thought there was a great deal in it, but—Actually, he was a kind of Harold Skimpole among the reformers: he felt that *his* business was to see the poetry of their aims, but as for this passion to be up and doing, he hadn't got it.

But he was Skimpole with a conscience, and it pricked him sometimes: for after all he was responsible for a good many of these people, he had urged them on, and now he was refusing to join forces with them. To justify himself, he preached "the patience which is grand," and the moral beauty of solitude and inaction. Besides, though he seems not to have thought of this, his divine principle of Compensation really made reform impertinent, for things were sure to work out as well as possible in any case. In economics the only sound principle is *laissez faire*. Selfish men of business are the true philanthropists—Florence Nightingale, in comparison, was wasting her time. War, revolution, bankruptcy—all are for the best. And evil is merely privative, like cold: evil is merely good in the wrong place. And good as it all is, it is all inevitably getting better and better: "fate involves the melioration." Well might he sit idle on his flowery bank.

Mr. Brooks, by his adoption of the direct method, has avoided all discussion of Emerson's "philosophy," and, of course, it is as well. We do not much like the thought nowadays, but the temperament which evolved it still has charm. One cannot entirely resist that happy innocence, that universal sympathy, that "unspent youth," that inexhaustible capacity for delight: the moralist palls, but the appeal of the lotus-eater is unfailing, and achievement may well be left to those who are not enjoying themselves. And yet . . . the appreciator of life, the poet with too little poetic genius, is apt to seem in the end a little gushing. You know too well what he is going to say. Mr. Brooks has the gift of surprising, but he cannot conceal that Emerson had not. Indeed, perhaps the exclamatory style makes it more obvious.

K. JOHN

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BIBLE SCRAP-BOOK

Side Notes on the Bible. By HILDA PETRIE. *Search Publishing Co.* 3s. 6d.

A lifetime of excavation in the Near East should make a fine equipment for writing on biblical life, and it is regrettable that Lady Petrie has not taken the occasion more seriously and let herself go to greater length. Her little book contains fifteen sections, articles varying from a page to five pages, most of them accompanied by a photograph or two; a text from the Bible heads each article, more or less appositely. Some of the information she supplies ought to interest all readers; personally, I have found much which concerns me, and my only complaint about these sections is that they are too condensed, especially in describing the illustrations. She does not write in a practised style and, being herself familiar with the material, has not realised how much guidance the ignorant will need. A view of an eroded fortified hill and the model of a Jewish temple are puzzling to those who have never seen such things before; another sentence on each would have made all the difference. Further, a book intended for everybody should not, without explanation, talk of "*uzat* eyes" or "cowroids"; it takes a little thought to recognise that the latter means beads shaped like cowrie shells. The distinction between beads of ball, barrel, drop and shell-wafer forms does not leap to everyone's mind. The author is not a born populariser, and it takes time to assimilate the amount of fact she has packed into her forty-three pages. They cover the whole enormous field of the Petrie excavations, in so far as they touch upon biblical matters, including many recent discoveries not previously mentioned except in periodicals for specialists. The illustrations range from flint hoes and ivory carvings to an Arab sitting in front of what looks like a nasty thorn-bush, but this is labelled "Every man under his vine and fig tree (lent by E. Benson)."

In some places the book might with advantage have gone outside the limits of the writer's personal experience to allude to the results of other diggers. An Egyptian portrait of Merneptah, found by Sir Flinders Petrie, is roundly described as that of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, a distinction to which several other kings have a better claim (though the last Egyptologist to investigate the subject announced triumphantly when he finished his book that he "had torpedoed all the coincidences"). The best evidence may be derived from the unmentioned excavations at Jericho, for Professor Garstang recently reported that the city perished by fire and earthquake about the year 1400, and that its fortifications were not repaired till some five hundred years later. The Old Testament writers believed that the site was practically deserted for a long time after the Israelite conquest; this points

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to the disaster of 1400, rather than to an earlier destruction about 1600, which had no such lasting effect. But it was about 1230 that the Petrie "Pharaoh of the Exodus" laid waste Israel, and there are older references to Hebrews in Palestine.

What Lady Petrie says about the Israelite captivity before the Exodus is equally disputable; the site of the two cities they built in Egypt are confidently identified by her, though alternatives for both have been proposed on sufficient grounds. A chronological table at the end raises a point of greater importance. According to an accompanying note "it endeavours to be accurate within five years," though it goes back to the beginning of the Bronze Age, by which time the margin of error cannot be reckoned at less than several centuries. Besides, this table follows the system peculiar to Professor Petrie, who moves back the earlier dates nearly a thousand years further than the majority of scholars consider reasonable.

The printer has improved a place-name into "Tumitat."

A. W. LAWRENCE

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GENIUS

James Wolfe: Man and Soldier. By W. T. WAUGH. *Manchester University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The late Professor Waugh was one of the rare historians who had the gift of letting well enough alone. Without pedantry or pretentiousness, and without the least trace of fine writing or working for effect, he has arranged the facts of Wolfe's life in a plain, direct, interesting and exciting narrative. Enough of the general historical background is given to enable the reader to follow the narrative, without that tiresome repetition of text-book platitudes that do duty as a "background" to the ordinary specialist history. Instead, there is a good deal of intelligent comment on eighteenth-century warfare and one of the best analyses that has been given of the causes of the superiority of the British to the French navy through the century.

But Professor Waugh has scrupulously refrained from any of the general and not immediately relevant considerations his story suggests. One, at least, is irresistible. Wolfe was obviously a very typical eighteenth-century genius. And he was even less like the conventional idea of the eighteenth century, the "age of reason," than most of its typical geniuses. Instead of being smooth, artificial, elaborate and otherwise deplorable, Wolfe lived violently and romantically, was melancholy and cynical, efficiently realistic and brutal; he was also ambitious and patriotic and a rather severe prig who learnt to dance in Paris on sound Whig principles—part of his duty as lieutenant-colonel was to conciliate the Highlanders and their wives and daughters while he was stationed in Scotland. Yet, in his letters on the garrison towns in which he was stationed, he invariably notices the appearance of the women. And twice he fell desperately and romantically in love. When he was forbidden by his mother to marry—she was an abominable and interfering woman, as Professor Waugh makes clear — Wolfe went to London and "lived in the idlest, dissolute, abandoned manner that could be conceived, and that not out of vice, which is the most extraordinary part of it." He was hardly ever well, spent his whole time at sea being rather seasick, and almost invariably took the blackest possible view of people, places and situations. The inhabitants of Glasgow "are civil, designing and treacherous, with their immediate interest always in view; they pursue trade with warmth and a necessary mercantile spirit, arising from the baseness of their other qualifications. The women, coarse, cold, and cunning, for ever inquiring after men's circumstances. They make that the standard of their good breeding." Dover is "a dirty borough. I am sure there is not in the King's dominions a more melancholy dreadful winter station." Exeter has "nothing in it either inviting or entertaining," and "the inhabitants are of an ill species." This querulousness goes on through almost all the letters quoted, which are filled with melancholy and descriptions of his illnesses.

Nor did Wolfe look like a man of action, with his receding chin, starting eyes and long, bony figure. Yet he was acting as second in command of an infantry regiment at Dettingen, at the age of sixteen, trying to persuade his men to hold their fire and rallying them when broken. And he had held the right wing of the English at Falkirk and helped to cover the retreat, had been Cumberland's aide at Culloden, helped in the repression of the Highlands and been wounded in the defeat at Laffeldt, and by 1750 was lieutenant-colonel of the 20th at the age of twenty-three. His rapid promotion was partly due to Cumberland's patronage, but he was clearly energetic and competent beyond the ordinary, with a remarkably good eye for the development of a battle, and extreme promptness in taking advantage of his opportunities.

Moreover, Wolfe was one of the most professional of soldiers, ambitious for promotion and, above all, for command. Professor Waugh quotes from his letters "a battle gained is, I believe, the highest joy mankind is capable of receiving, to him who commands." Such honesty seems surprising to an age which has pushed the art of war nearer its culmination, but it probably expresses the true feeling of most of the great commanders. And it seems very typical of Wolfe, who is most clearly a man of his own century in this ability to admit, and to dominate by force of will and intelligence, his extreme and violent passions. The same clear-headedness that made Wolfe acknowledge that he regarded war as an art whose practice gives pleasure "to him who commands," made him share Wellington's opinions of British troops: "vagabonds that stroll about in dirty red clothes from one gin shop to another"; "I know their discipline to be bad and their valour precarious. They are easily put into disorder and hard to recover out of it. They frequently kill their officers through fear, and murder one another in their confusion. This shameful behaviour . . . on many . . . occasions, clearly denoted the extreme ignorance of the officers and the disobedient and dastardly spirit of the men." Yet he was a model commander in his care for his men's health and comfort. He must also have been one of the first soldiers to insist on the extreme importance of frequent practice with ball. And the care and attention given to details in time of peace seem to have had their effect, for it is noticeable that in the Quebec campaign he seems to have been able to rely on the decisive superiority of his force as a fighting machine in a pitched battle.

In discussing the details of this last campaign, Wolfe's only independent command, Professor Waugh has been almost overscrupulous in not making claims for Wolfe as a military genius. The obvious view of the capture of Quebec is that it was interesting chiefly on account of its consequences. Those interested in tactics may remember the fight on the Heights of Abraham as the first use of the two-deep infantry line. Otherwise, it is one

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of the simplest of battles, the direct front to front clash of two lines of infantry in which the superior drill and musketry of the British regulars was decisive after some ten minutes of volley firing. But the two months' campaign which led up to the battle shows Wolfe producing a very neat solution of a difficult problem.

To begin with, Pitt's strategy of a converging advance on Canada by three completely separated forces had had the natural result of leaving Wolfe in face of a superior army, while the other forces were still trying to make their way along the difficult route up the valley of the Hudson towards Montreal. In order to reach the weak fortifications of Quebec, it was necessary for Wolfe to win a victory over Montcalm's troops. And since Montcalm was far too good a general to risk a decisive action when he needed only to hold his fortified positions until the winter forced the English to retire, real art was needed to bring about the comparatively simple victory which decided the campaign. Wolfe first succeeded by a feint and demonstration in holding the French on the north shore while he seized positions on the south shore commanding the town, which he proceeded to bombard, causing considerable destruction of no great military importance. (Though not peculiarly brutal, Wolfe seems never to have hesitated to put "pressure" on civilian populations.) He then attempted an unsuccessful front and flank attack on the French positions on the north shore, drawing off before the losses were heavy. This, though condemned by Professor Waugh, seems to have fixed the attention of the French even more firmly on these positions. Wolfe next sent a force a considerable distance up the St. Lawrence, drawing the French containing troops far above the town, and evacuated his camp opposite the French lines on the north shore. By sending out constantly changing orders, and keeping his plans secret even from his brigadiers, he was able to leave Montcalm entirely mystified as to his movements and intentions, to move a striking force above Quebec on the St. Lawrence, and deliver his famous surprise attack *downstream, between* the city and the French forces guarding the bank of the river. Moreover, the real attack was covered by a feint on the positions Montcalm was still holding on the north shore below Quebec, and by a bombardment of the town from the batteries earlier erected across the river.

The result of these elaborate manoeuvres was that Montcalm was deceived into attacking the British on the Heights with a force roughly equal in numbers, despite the considerable superiority of his army as a whole and his strategy of avoiding battle. The apparently simple and straightforward decision was the result of a most ingenious combination of manoeuvres. When one considers the difficulty of the problem which Pitt's mistake had set for him, it is clear that Wolfe's solution was that of an extremely able soldier. And the curious contradictions of his character are neatly rounded off by the wildly romantic circumstances of his death. Few able strategists and first-rate organisers lead night attacks reciting Gray's Elegy, and die in the moment of victory. And with almost too exact an example, Wolfe, in his dying speech, combined intelligence and emotion: "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; tell him to march Webb's regiment to Charles's river, to cut off the retreat to the bridge. Now I die content."

JULIAN BELL

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NEW NOVELS

Luminous Isle. By ELIOT BLISS. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
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The conscious intention of the author, if discernible in a novel, plays an adverse part in forming the critic's decision as to its merits. Just as in ordinary life swelled head seems to invite the application of the highest standards, thereby invoking the very judgment the fear of which it was "designed" to cover, so a hint in the tone of a novel that the writer aspires to competition with the great may be enough to awaken in the critic his most exacting attitude, as though he said: "In taking yourself damned seriously you've asked for it." This attitude is not as unfair as it sounds. If by seriousness disproportionate either to his theme or to his talent the writer thus arouses irritation, it means that something is seriously wrong with his book; it means that he has not gone through the necessary processes of, first, identifying himself imaginatively with his material and, second, detaching himself from it. This detachment differs in its nature from the pristine separation from everything not one's-self, which is the normal condition of existence. Where the whole, or chunks, or consecutive threads of the material chosen remain in the pristine, non-creative relation to the writer, then his personal attitude, if any, towards it and himself will appear, to the detriment of unity and artistic value. Self-consciousness is as fatal in a work of art as it is in life.

But there are writers, and Miss Eliot Bliss is one of them, whose personal attitude towards their art is largely unconscious, who write because they must; when this is so, and there is also considerable talent and that subdued, pervading passion for truth which brings beauty in its train, the moments of slackened tension are harmless. In *Luminous Isle* they take, as those familiar with the Dorothy Richardson style of narrative would expect, the form of clumsiness or superfluous detail, as in the polo scene of the chapter called "The Colony," where we are introduced in a muddling fashion to too many persons at once; or at the dance where there are too many remarks inorganic to the design, such as that "Leila Mendez in rose pink was waltzing in the arms of the devoted Barnes." These passages, and a few others, betray the incompleteness of the initial processes referred to; but such passages occur in many books of great merit; they rouse no hostility. There is no pretentiousness in them.

Luminous Isle is, indeed, a most sympathetic and distinguished book. It is peaceful, yet intense. The aspect and climate of the West Indian island which gives it its title are expressed rather than described; we are made to feel and see the shimmer, the colour, the heat—what Edward Thomas called "the divine vacancy"—of these landscapes of a different hemisphere. Em, the child of a soldier stationed there, imbibes them with her first acute sensibilities; it is the memory of them which makes her ardent to return there after her interval at school in England with a grandmother who is, whatever their names, identical with the remarkable grandmother of the earlier novel, *Saraband*. For this writer can convey other things besides light and landscape; she has felt and can express the influence not only of nature and solitude on the perceptive mind but the influence, often subtle and hard to define, of person on person, and the atmosphere created by characters and desires in unspoken conflict. All is

seen through Em's eyes, and her reactions are delicate, elusive, but not precious or far-fetched. Em's bent is for the philosophy which arises from sharp sensations rather than out of ordered thought; she has not the intellect of Miss Richardson's Miriam. "Inevitably and imperceptibly one does travel towards somewhere—perhaps towards the place one had determined upon long ago. . . . I know the essence but not the nature of what I want to do in life." Thus Em is made to reflect (the book is not written in the first person), and this, though not one of her most felicitous sentences, fairly hints at her approach to life. *Luminous Isle* is a novel for highbrows: others will find it dull and inconclusive. It is a work of quality, and I hope that Miss Bliss will not keep us waiting very long for her next.

In *Matador* one can detect at once and throughout that the preliminary processes referred to above have not been undergone. Miss Steen writes fluently and presents scenes and characters superficially coherent and life-like; she uses a great many words where a few of the right ones would do, like her absurdly rhetorical *raisonneur*, the hunch-back Miguel, the second of the ex-matador's three sons. The climax, a bullfight in which the eldest son is killed, is skilfully rendered and carries much more conviction than the preceding four hundred and thirty pages. They have a made-up air, as though Miss Steen had conscientiously visited Granada and the Alhambra, read Montherlant, made careful notes on *Death in the Afternoon* and sat down to write a strong story. Her style when not commonplace is pretentious:

> There is born no son of the vinestock but inherits certain nobilities that, no matter how vast may be the accretions of corrupt and base matter that time silts upon the original stock, yet survive in some form or other, and pass, in a man's seed, to his sons. Don José was an Andalucian, born of Andalucian stock, and underneath those gross accretions of his professional years, as under a load of offal, choked and moribund yet not wholly extinct, lay the proofs of his heritage.

This is but waving the cape before the reader: it tells us almost nothing about Don José. The process of assimilating the material has not been even begun; the level on which *Matador* is conceived and presented is intellectual, and the intellect is not of a high order. But the novel will please those who were, incomprehensibly to me, pleased by *Stallion*; it has a larger canvas, a wider range of character, and the same shallow, bogus-highbrow quality. Miss Royde-Smith is under no misapprehension as to what she is doing in *The Queen's Wigs*; with a disarming candour she offers us pure entertainment, a contribution to "the literature of escape" and wish-fulfilment which has no pretensions to be literature at all. Her seventeen-year-old heroine Rozel is conveyed, by adequately engineered circumstances, to the European state of Irolya, where she immediately becomes involved in court intrigue and a flirtation with the Crown Prince. It seemed to her, "as the gilded lattice of the private lift gates slid together and she stepped out into the square hall of the Imperial suite, that she was moving into some gorgeous and overheated nightmare." It was not a nightmare, but a luscious, exciting dream, full of delicious meals, interior decorations by modern craftsmen, and very odd doings in the ancient royal castles. From these Rozel emerged intact, with a lover less romantic but more reliable than the prince.

Miss Chapman's novel also has an imaginary kingdom for a setting; but far from being frivolous and quick-moving, her romance is long, serious, and solidly built up round a complicated plot. It seems a pity that such careful planning and writing should have been expended on mere "Kravin"; when will Miss Chapman direct her considerable talents towards an historical novel? The effort to account for how things came about which *did* come about—the possibly powerful effect of such an imaginative effort—might release a spring in her, so that day-dreaming would give place to inspiration. Day-dreaming is, of its nature, always a little infantile, but by inspiration the stature of the spirit is increased; and inspiration, by one of those mysterious apparent paradoxes, more often than not comes from the closest possible contact of the spirit with reality. *To Be a King* is not frankly entertainment, as is *The Queen's Wigs*; it aims higher: but the effect it makes of wish-fulfillment, of providing an escape from ordinary life, is the same. Literature is produced not by evasion or escape but by correlation, the function of the intellect and intuitive understanding, the function of the soul, allied with a gift of language beyond the ordinary. Miss Chapman has an agreeable purity and unaffectedness of diction, but what it clothes is relatively poor. She has not stretched her powers of understanding in either of her books.

E. B. C. JONES

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My Life as German and Jew. By JACOB WASSERMANN. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

The Tragedy of a Nation. By PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

It is probable that no question is asked so often, no problem debated so anxiously in every part of Europe, as that of how long the Nazi regime in Germany will last. Prophecies of early collapse on the one hand and indefinite life on the other abound, and for anyone who wishes to form a sober judgment, as wide a knowledge as possible of the conditions that led up to the establishment of the regime is vitally important. Jacob Wassermann's autobiographical study, *Mein Weg als Deutscher und Jude*, first published in Germany in 1921 and now translated with a long additional part written last year, and Prince Loewenstein's *The Tragedy of a Nation* both provide extremely useful material for this purpose. Taken together, each corrects the other. Wassermann introduces us to a world where the Jewish question is by far the most important, seems indeed to be almost the only question, while Prince Loewenstein devotes to this only one chapter, and does not treat it even there very fully, though he admits that without his anti-Jewish slogans Hitler might never have reached power. Wassermann looks at his country as an artist of no very definite political views who has been branded as an enemy owing to accident of birth, and Prince Loewenstein as a political opponent championing the Republic that might have been. To complete the case for the prosecution there should be a third book from the Communist standpoint, to which neither of these two does justice.

Anyone who wishes to know what it meant at its most painful to be born a German Jew should read Wassermann's book, for the sense of difference and inferiority was borne in upon him early in his life, and seems to have worked on him like some festering wound that slowly grows worse and spreads its poison, until the suffering dominated his mind. His whole work as a novelist may even be considered as an attempt to prove that he could be as good a German as any "Aryan." He believed that surroundings, and particularly landscape and air, had, through generations, as great an importance in determining character and mental outlook as any original difference of stock. A Jew, therefore, if his family had lived in Germany for hundreds of years, should be capable of forming as integral a part of the German nation as anyone else, particularly if, as was the case with Wassermann, he had steeped himself in the tradition of German literature, and even found Heine antipathetic. Why then was it that he should be so obstinately refused admittance to the body of the nation? Wassermann relates how a Danish nobleman once asked him, apropos of this, what the Germans really wanted. He gave an evasive answer at the time, but writes, despairingly, in his book: "I ought to have answered: Hate. I ought to have answered: They want a scapegoat. Whenever things have gone badly with them, after every defeat, in every difficulty, in every trying situation they shift the responsibility for their distress upon the Jews. So it has been for centuries."

Prince Loewenstein, a much younger man than Wassermann (he was a boy of twelve at the time of the Armistice) presents an entirely different world, the world of political parties and the open and secret struggle of the reaction for control of the Weimar Republic from the moment of its birth. In the first half of his book, which is considerably more thorough and more convincing than the rest, he builds up a formidable case to prove that the Republic died because it was never taken seriously even by those who created it. The chief blame he lays at the door of the Social-Democratic party, who, he maintains, betrayed the Revolution at the very beginning by failing, when they had assumed leadership of the people in arms, to eject their opponents from key-positions, and by kow-towing to them at every possible opportunity afterwards. Even a Communist could hardly go much further in his condemnation. But Prince Loewenstein is no Communist, and is filled with alarm at the thought that the result of the Nazi regime may well be the final triumph of "the Asiatic spirit." He himself, of Catholic upbringing, was an active younger member of the Reichsbanner, which he believes could have saved the Republic if it had been given the chance of doing so by those who controlled it. He pins his faith to a revival of the Reichsbanner spirit, a rallying of true republican and national forces against a system run in the interests of Junkers and big industrialists under a smoke-screen of fake Socialism. But it seems doubtful whether, in the economic whirlwinds that swept over a defeated and impoverished Germany, the Republic could have been saved by any force, or whether, in the further storms that seem only too likely to come, a deeply embittered opposition will stop at any half-measures of revolution.

Prince Loewenstein has a deep, half-mystical belief in the cultural world-mission of a regenerate Germany that shall revive and advance the glories of the Holy Roman Empire. But his book, one cannot help feeling, only serves to reinforce Wassermann's contention that the German-speaking peoples, for all their remarkable qualities, have always lacked moral equilibrium as well as an actual centre to their civilisation (in the sense that Paris is the centre of French civilisation), and have always been divided against themselves. It is unlikely that such peoples could ever lead the rest of mankind to the millennium.

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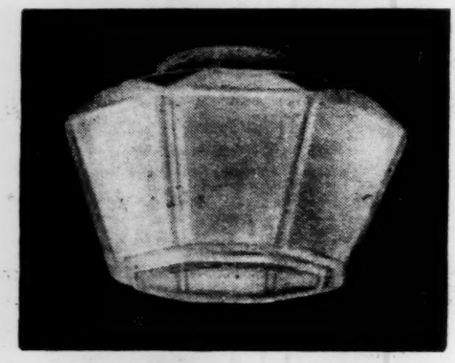

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powerful book, calculated to assist everyone who reads it in this desirable process, for it is an examination in broad outline of the facts of human sexual nature and of the ways in which man has handled them, giving a devastating picture of the distortion of nature by fantasy and taboo. M. Guyon puts forward the thesis that the sexual impulse has its own ends apart from procreation, and leads us on through his extremely interesting and readable pages to the conclusions which result.

He demonstrates how the failure to recognise this fact of human sexual nature or the deliberate denial of the fact has led to useless moralities and harmful laws, useless and harmful, that is, by any rational valuation of the ends of human existence, and those who have probed into the nature of the opposition to reforms of laws and customs relative to sexual behaviour will be able to endorse and document his thesis.

His handling of the subject is thorough-going and bold; his conclusions will doubtless prove stimulating to timid thinkers, and only the superstitious will deny the value of such clarifying and realistic writing on the fear-haunted areas of sex life. It is an indication of the low level of our present sex education, and of the resultant enfeebled mentality of the average citizen, that the sale of this book is "strictly limited to members of the medical profession, psycho-analysts, scholars and such adults as may have a definite position in the field of physiological, psychological or social research."

JANET CHANCE

SHORTER NOTICES

Perilous Grain. By UNA BROADBENT. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Uniformly agreeable as a story and towards its close dramatically exciting, Miss Broadbent's essay in imaginative anthropology should attract circles of readers that in the ordinary course are not attracted to the same book. What we are given is the myth of Admetus and Alcestis set in the form of a modern novel, and told in terms of *The Golden Bough*. Alcestis, the harvest-maiden, queen of the new corn, weds Admetus, who becomes the Harvest King. We see the childhood of Europe, with men walking as gods and gods appearing as men, neither quite sure of their godhead or manhood. We see Admetus and Alcestis as sacred guardians of the harvest, worshipped in times of plenty, and condemned to death when famine comes. In and out through their story, Jason and Medea, Bias and Melampus, Apollo and Heracles wander; not as the myths present them but as they probably were, puzzled folk struggling in the toils of cruel superstitions that were at last being discovered for the follies they were. Miss Broadbent tells her stories as they should be told, with a simplicity that is never undignified, and is often akin to poetry.

Studies from Life. By HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT. *Unicorn Press.* 6*s.*

Mr. de Sélincourt's "Studies" are personal reminiscences and quiet portraits of friendly figures. If the modern method of portraiture is to use few, swift and witty strokes, to rebound from sentiment into irony and malice, then Mr. de Sélincourt is thoroughly and shamelessly old-fashioned. A loving sentiment pervades all his pictures ("You were always an emotional sort of little cuss," a schoolfellow said of him in later years). They move leisurely, so as to reveal all the details of landscape, niceties of half-spoken dialogue, subtleties of psychology in the apparently simple story that is being told. In "The Old Man" Mr. de Sélincourt traces his relations with a headmaster who became a personality to be loved and admired. "Ben Meldon" presents an even more earnest, meditative attempt to explain a long friendship with a gardener—composed of intimacy and strangeness, for there was diffidence on both sides. The book is full of sensitive questionings, delicate judgments and quiet contradictions of class feeling. But the schoolfellow's criticism seems to hold in some degree: Mr. de Sélincourt's homage is so wholehearted that all his characters are raised slightly above contact with the plain earth, and they lose weight in consequence.

The Naked Mountain. By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON. *Putnam.* 21*s.*

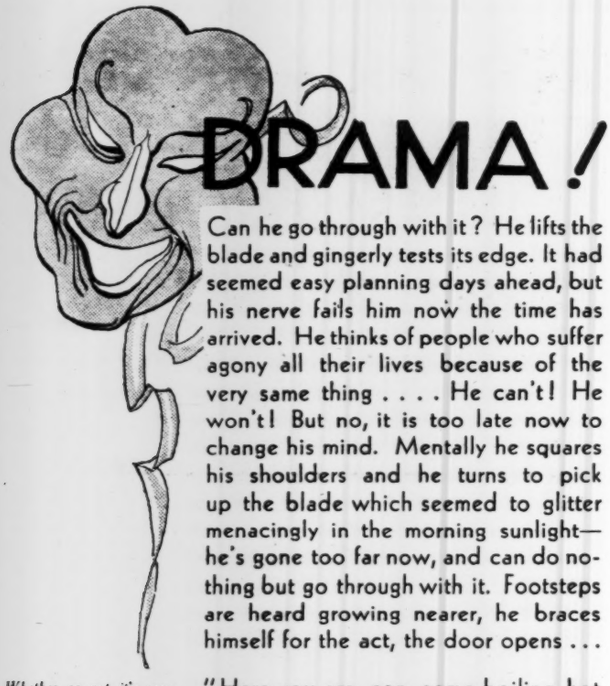
Nanga Parbat in the western Himalayas, the seventh highest mountain in the world, remains, like Everest, unconquered. In 1895 Mummery was killed in an attempt to climb it. Then it was left to itself until 1932 when the German-American expedition described in this book was organised. The Americans were two: Rand Herron, the climber, and Miss Knowlton herself, sole woman of the party, called in to act as journalist and despatch-writer. She also shared the rigours of life in a high mountain camp, without going sick, as several climbers and most of the coolies did. But her narrative is an objective one, and she leaves the reader to supply admiration and wonder at her own tenacity, if he feels so inclined. With the help of excellent photographs she describes the Expedition's particular variant of what is now a familiar type of epic. The attempt lasted from June to September, when the final attack was defeated by a persistent snowfall that made progress impossible. The three who made the attack came back safely to camp, but an ironic tragedy was awaiting Rand Herron, who had not only survived the adventure but found time and wits to write free verse in Italian amongst the snows of Nanga Parbat. On the way home he climbed the Second Pyramid at Gizeh, ran down it, missed his footing, and was killed. Miss Knowlton ends her book with a well-deserved tribute to his mountaineering prowess.

Art, Paint and Vanity. By ARTHUR LL. MATTHISON. *Heath Cranton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Matthison began life as a Socialist and a telegraphist in the service of the Post Office, and it may be that this rambling but racy story of his friends, his tastes and his pursuits explains why he is no longer a Socialist now that he is a successful business man. But it does not explain the change as satisfactorily as could be desired. Politics and economics are, however, but a secondary interest of the book; which is the autobiography of an interested and, therefore, interesting member of an interesting family. Mr. Matthison's grandfather was a fighter famous in his day—the eighteen-twenties. His mother was Kate Wynne, the contralto; his aunt, Edith Wynne, the more-famous soprano; and his sister, Edith Wynne Matthison is the well-known English actress who has long been an American idol. Such relatives, with the memories they invoked and the contacts they created, naturally led young Matthison into byways of music and drama and art, the traversing of which has given his varied and prosperous career a colour which business with its traditions rarely gives. It is only fair, however, to say that the story of his paint and varnish business forms by no means the least interesting part of the book.

The Consulate and the Empire, 1789-1809. By LOUIS MADELIN. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

In this, the ninth volume of Fr. Funck-Brentano's *National History of France*, M. Madelin, whose *French Revolution* formed the sixth volume of the series, deals with the Consulate and the events that brought it into being, and carries the story of the Empire that followed down to the Battle of Wagram and the Treaty of Vienna. For English readers—and Mr. Buckley's translation has the merit of reading like an original—the especial value of the volume is that we view a particularly important period of our own history in a clear Gallic light. M. Madelin is too sound a realist to misunderstand the reasons for England's attitude after the Treaty of Amiens; in fact, he sees even more vividly than our mercantile classes of that day saw, that the peaceful development of France and her colonies which, he holds, was all that Napoleon then had in mind, would have been a greater menace to our trade than the general conflagration that followed upon the


DRAMA!
Can he go through with it? He lifts the blade and gingerly tests its edge. It had seemed easy planning days ahead, but his nerve fails him now the time has arrived. He thinks of people who suffer agony all their lives because of the very same thing . . . . He can't! He won't! But no, it is too late now to change his mind. Mentally he squares his shoulders and he turns to pick up the blade which seemed to glitter menacingly in the morning sunlight—he's gone too far now, and can do nothing but go through with it. Footsteps are heard growing nearer, he braces himself for the act, the door opens . . .
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FROM A NOTEBOOK

It is always possible to say something new about love. To do something new about it is impossible.

The hard-boiled egoist forgets his shell is brittle.

The manifestations of second childhood are pitiable; second adolescence has not yet been investigated.

The enamel of culture wears best on a priming of hard vulgarity.

The human body is beautifully grotesque; Narcissus died of laughing.

There is no chastity like the verbal libertine's.

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reopening of the war. But he does make our pretexts for not keeping our engagements look particularly perfidious. The danger, as he points out, was not the war we pretended to fear, but a peace that would have had far-reaching—and from the mercantile point of view—inevitably disastrous consequences. It must be added that the Napoleon who emerges from M. Madelin's study is more statesman than soldier, and is to be valued less for the brilliant military operations circumstances forced him to undertake than for the constructive domestic administration circumstances forced him to abandon.

BROADCASTING

THE bombardment in preparation for the 1935 offensive appears to have begun, at any rate in the London sector. An examination of these recent attacks, however, shows that they bear more relation to sniping than to heavy guns. They are the stock-in-trade of most radio paragraphists; pleas for bright background noises, to be heard but not listened to, from before breakfast until bed-time. Their chief importance, however, in so far as they have any, lies in their relation to the general attacks from more serious quarters. It is worth considering, therefore, what these quarters are likely to be, during the remaining eighteen months or so of the B.B.C.'s expiring charter.

First must be placed the House of Commons. A sense of irritation develops among members whose constituents urge them to voice their likes and dislikes, since there is no Ministry answerable for questions on programme policy. This must, of course, be annoying; yet the best political thought—in all parties—and not only in this country—is realising that unless broadcasting is to be a mere mouthpiece of government, as in dictatorship countries, its independence can only be secured by weakening rather than by strengthening direct political control. It may nevertheless be expected that criticisms from all quarters will find echoes in Westminster during the coming year. Sir John Reith's meeting with Conservative members of Parliament this week successfully demonstrated one method by which such criticisms may be met.

Second comes the world of commerce. To a large section of this world it is a mortifying sensation to watch a vast publicity carrier like broadcasting running—as it seems to them—to waste. Pressure for sponsored programmes, re-inforced by arguments on a dozen sides, is likely to be continuous, powerful, and well-directed.

Third, there is the press, which, though it may have its own reasons for fearing or disliking the B.B.C., will certainly be opposed to any diversion of advertisement revenue to broadcasting. There is already considerable criticism of the extent to which B.B.C. journals cut into this field. Attacks from this quarter will no doubt be as varied as the sections of opinion and types of newspaper proprietors represented.

Fourth, there is the general public, and particularly that part of it which is genuinely disturbed by a feeling that all is not well with the B.B.C., that free speech or liberal opinions are in some degree of danger, and that the time is ripe for a fresh examination of the basis and conduct of broadcasting. Standing out against this general background are a number of eminent persons who suffer a peculiar sense of irritation because the B.B.C. has not provided them with a microphone on subjects and at moments of their choosing.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to assess the strength or the volume of these different groups, and the extent to which they may be mutually helpful or obstructive. What matters is that they should be recognised and appreciated for what they are. Support for intelligent broadcasting is large, varied, unorganised, and seldom expressed in letters to the newspapers. Much of this opinion has a real sense of obligation and loyalty to the B.B.C. But irritation may at any time drive it into alliance with one or other of the more openly hostile groups. Whether reasonable or unreasonable such irritation becomes wholly reasonable if the B.B.C. do not take every step in their power to understand and remove it. It is questionable whether they have ever taken quite seriously enough the study of public interest, not only at long range but also at close range. There has been a tendency, natural enough in early days, to disown responsibility for the listening end, and to concentrate on transmission. An ambitious scheme was once discussed for a number of sectional surveys of listeners' likes and dislikes by a scientifically directed group of investigators on the model of *Life and Labour in London*. Though the scheme itself may have been conceived on an impossible scale, the spirit behind it was a true one. Even small objective investigations in different types of area would yield valuable results.

A closer study of listeners might also be made possible for members of the programme staff. The charge of metropolitanism is sometimes made against B.B.C. officials. Many of those engaged on programme work have gained a varied experience of human nature elsewhere; yet even these would be the better for refresher courses. Programme work is a more than whole-time job which keeps those engaged in it busy in an office or a studio for the greater part of the working day, and which yields them little opportunity beyond a brief business holiday for getting to know sections of their own country or their own people unfamiliar to them. There is a growing tendency to send programme officers abroad to study methods and technique; it would be equally useful to turn them loose to study listeners in the British Isles.

There is equal need for honest investigation and clear thinking among those of the general public who care for these things. No system of broadcasting yet invented can of itself secure a sound and liberal policy. It has been usual of late to point to the competitive commercial broadcasting of the United States as providing a free forum denied us here. I am told that it is difficult to-day for critics of the N.R.A. programmes to get facilities on the air. Honest inquiry must take note of all such facts—or allegations.. Above all it should aim at discovering whether criticism should rightly be directed against a system or against a method. It will be a pity to clamour for a change from public service broadcasting unless we are quite sure that our objectives cannot be realised within it, and until we are equally sure we have found a better alternative.

HILDA MATHESON

Week-end Competitions

Number 210

Set by Humbert Wolfe

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an ideal B.B.C. programme for the following occasions:

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(ii) A mothers' meeting;
(iii) The long postponed meeting between East and West; and
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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 30th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 208

Set by Ivor Brown

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed epigram on a very modern poet, who, having written what he possibly believed to be totally cacophonous, unintelligible and unprintable, found his work not only printed, but praised as being in the lucid and musical tradition of the English lyric.

Report by Ivor Brown

It is one of the pains of setting and judging competitions that the better are the entries, the greater is the judge's distress. He starts to weed, and then finds that so many of his tares are flowers. The entry in this case was excellent in quantity and quality. A few missed the point and merely scored off a cacophonist praised for his cacophony. H. C. M., for example, wrote very neatly:

Ye lyric poets, leave the scored hill,
Euterpe's airy fantasies refuse,
Be crabbéd, harsh, obscure, and let your quill
Learn inspiration from the Augean Mews.

I longed to give a prize to "Augean Mews," the wittiest piece of phrase-making which the competition evoked. But the epigram

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This is the first paragraph of ALDOUS HUXLEY'S *twenty-page article* Wars and Emotions *in the new* LIFE AND LETTERS, *now a monthly at Two Shillings.*

See advt. on p. 460.

CONFERENCE

F. P. S. I.

Easter week-end at Stratton Park, Hants. Thursday, March 29th (tea-time) to Tuesday (breakfast). Speakers include: MRS. JANET CHANCE, C. E. M. JOAD, D. N. PRITT, K.C.

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scarcely answers my whole invitation. Many translated that invitation into competent rhyme: many named the thwarted poet: one, N. W. Hester, specified the poet's disease:

> Ten thousand complexes, never at rest,
> Tore id from ego in Zubovsky's breast,
> Burst forth conclamorous; acclamation won—
> "Music . . . authentic . . .luminous . . .school of Donne,"

which is almost on the prize level. Finally, and despairingly, I resolved upon the division of the first and second prizes into three of equal value. There were, roughly, three types of response and I have endeavoured to choose the best of each type, that which has a poetic value of its own, while meeting the requisitions, that which meets them explicitly, and that which does so with most conciseness of point. I selected Michael Holland for his dexterous poem which has the true ring of English epigram; "Brice," who should send name and address, for the splendour of his second line and for the fulness with which he answers the problem; and "Pibwob" for his neat simplicity. Commendation goes to Mr. Hester, already quoted, Alice Herbert, Richard Thesiger, David Holland, Guy Hedley, very ingenious, "Issachar," "Quintus," O. H. T. Dudley, and William Bliss.

THE WINNING ENTRIES

I

He led his desperate rabble to the Gate
Of that fair Fortress: howled his Hymn of Hate,
Turned from the walls—and, puzzled victor, sees
The bland Custodians coming with the keys.

MICHAEL HOLLAND

II

He struck an attitude and called it "Piece
For Klaxon-horn, Two Cobras and a Niece,"
The writhing horror of whose vast inane
Would haunt the most sophisticated brain.
Alas! it did. For, moved to panegyric,
Critics acclaimed "this haunting little lyric."

BRICE

III

In vain eccentric Maevius tries
To throw the dust in people's eyes;
His open wide, when it's discussed
And proved authentic diamond-dust.

PIBWOB

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 65.—DR. BOLUS

My old friend Bolus is a thorough crank, as well as a great believer in whatever will economise effort. Thus, he supports the 24-hour clock, simplified spelling, a universal language and so on; also, "provisionally," as he puts it, the metric system. And his two daughters, who attend the preparatory school where I teach, are being trained in his ideas.

The other night I was discussing their future with the doctor. "I'm pretty well off," he told me, "and every year, on the first of January, I put by for each girl as many pounds as she is years old. Now, here's a problem for you." He consulted a notebook. "I have here the amounts put by last year for each child. The difference between these two sums I reckon to be £49. How much did each child get?"

What were the two sums recorded in the doctor's notebook?

PROBLEM 63.—HEAD PREFECT

Solution.

The number of voters supporting Betty at successive elections is 26, 29, 31, 35, 49, 50.

The problem is a simple one once its implications are grasped. The number of votes from each house must be a multiple of six; trial and error shows that the total is constant at 60, the votes from each *house* being 42, 12, and 6.

PROBLEM 62.—LUNATICS AT LARGE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: "Start Easy."

There were thirteen correct and twenty-two incorrect solutions. *Eight* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the first sender of a correct solution.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

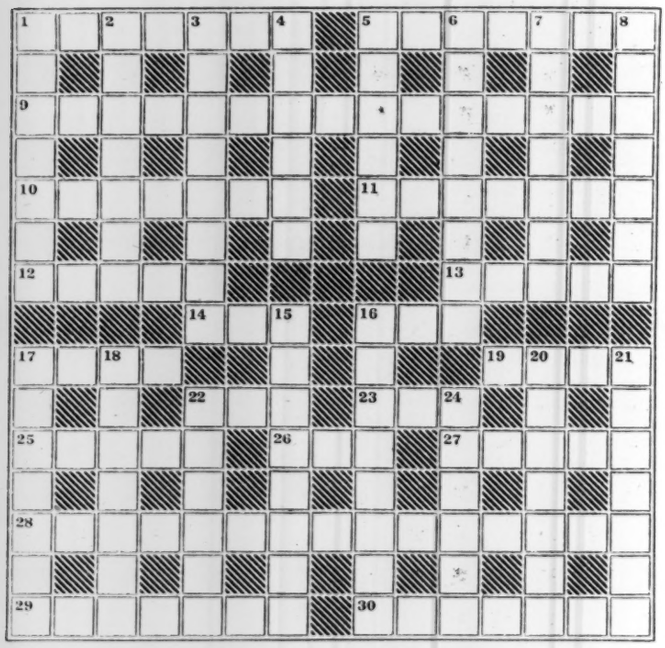
Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 211

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is The Dowager Lady Ashton of Hyde, Bordighera, Italy.

ACROSS.

1. They may end in an apple pie.
5. If such a flower could be!
9. Unspotted creature of the dale.
10. For this use lint cut up.
11. Brer Rabbit couldn't eat chicken without it.
12. Death no doubt sometimes comes so.
13. See 17 across.
14. The axe has been used on this board.
16. But tack this on to go on board.
17. A kind of 19 gives warning of a guardian with 13.
19. "Rose plot, Fringed pool, Fern'd ——."
22. When she goes to
23. She does not survive the year.
25. Spaces for the public or their vehicles.
26. Found with her son in the orchard.
27. Tidiness in the border.
28. A late kind of early flower.
29. The reverse of wild within, yet even wild flowers contain them.
30. This is the day that never comes.

DOWN.

1. Plant the toreador should beware of?
2. Gilbert in song.
3. Hard surname of an English king.
4. Establish a seat.
5. Sheepish production
6. The cleaner secure with a weed.
7. His seal would be suitable for horticultural deeds.
8. It is sweet for a border.
15. Musical times for the wounded.
16. No doubt describes the position of the Village Smithy.
17. A Shakespearean clown would be laid in it.
18. A part of speech introduces this plant.
20. Fit tree for Communist Robin Hood.
21. Dry up.
22. What an H is without a T.
24. Flowered if a bee will 4 on it.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTE:—English—*H.M.S. Pinafore*

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. Wed., Thurs., & Sat. & Easter Mon. **The Merchant of Venice.**

COMEDY. **First Episode.** Thurs. & Sat.

DUCHESS. **Laburnum Grove.** Th. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. **Without Witness.** W. & S.

GLOBE. **Double Door.** Thurs. & Sat.

H'DROME. **Mr. Whittington.** Th. & Sat.

PALACE. **Gay Divorce.** Wed. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. **The Old Folks at Home.** W. & S.

ROYALTY. **Within the Gates.** Thur. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat. **The Late Christopher Bean.**

S. MARTIN'S. **The Wind & the Rain.** M. Tu. F.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525). Evgs. (ex. Mon., March 26), 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., & Easter Mon., 2.30.
FRANKLIN DYALL, MARIE NEY
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
BASIL GILL, JACK LIVESEY.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Production
"THE GOLDEN TOY."
A Romantic Play by Carl Zückmayer.

COMEDY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
FIRST EPISODE
by Terance Rattigan & Philip Hiemann.
"Should run for a year."—*Evening News.*

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Mon., Mar. 26, for one week. Nightly at 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15.
THE RETURN
by Charles Bennett.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY. Extra Mat., Easter Mon., 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar 5122.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed., Sat. and Easter Mon., 2.30.
WITHOUT WITNESS.
Nicholas Hannen, Joan Marion, Hugh E. Wright.

GLOBE, Shaftesbury Avenue. Gerrard 1592.
Evgs. 8.30. Matinees, Thurs. & Sats., at 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE & OWEN NARES in
DOUBLE DOOR.
CAROL GOODNER. SEBASTIAN SHAW.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272).
Evenings 8.30. Mats., Thurs, Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
"MR. WHITTINGTON."
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Last 3 Weeks. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
FRED ASTAIRE in **GAY DIVORCE.**
With CLAIRE LUCE and OLIVE BLAKENEY.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Avenue. Ger. 4517.
CLOSED HOLY WEEK—Reopening
Easter Monday at 8.40. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

ROYALTY, (Ger. 7331.)
FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
NORMAN MACDERMOTT presents
WITHIN THE GATES. By SEAN O'CASEY.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Mon., Tues., & Fri., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Premiere Brieux's Famous Drama of Justice,
"LA ROBE ROUGE" (A)
—a new Exposé of French Film Art.

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
Ramon **NOVARRO,** Jeanette **MACDONALD**
in **THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.**
Also LAUREL & HARDY and full programme.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday, March 26, for one week only,
ELISABETH BERGNER in
DER TRAUMENDE MUND,
at 2.0, 4.28, 6.56 & 9.26.
Laurel & Hardy, News, *The Country Comes To Town.*
Seats Bookable. Hampstead 2285.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Lotus League Sunbathing and Physical Culture centre at North Finchley. Exercises by trained instructress. Games. Spacious refreshment lounge, also sports rooms. Ultra-violet lamp. Luxuriously equipped premises. Separate heated dressing-rooms. Three bathrooms. Outdoors own attached garden summertime. Apply, enclosing stamp. Box 452, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus) Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m., 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES. Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allenburys" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for ½ lb. trial sample. ALLEN AND HANBURYS, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.2), 37 Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

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UNITARIAN Publications Free.—"A Common-sense View of the Bible." Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

Out to-day!
LIFE AND LETTERS
Now Monthly—2s. See p. 460

RESTAURANTS

WHEN RULES say "the very best food beautifully cooked," they mean it! Lunch, Dinner and Late Supper. Licensed till midnight. Estd. 1780. Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, March 25th, at 11 a.m. C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A., D.Litt.: The Policy of Peace. 6.30, Concert, Chamber Music.
Tuesday, March 27th, at 7 p.m. GEORGE BEDBOROUGH: Rationalism: Whither?
Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

THE GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.
"NATIONS IN THE NEWS."
March 23rd, 8 p.m.
PALESTINE, Miss FREDA WHITE.
Admission Free. League of Nations Union, 12 Berwick Street, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.
Joint Committee of the Univers ty and the Workers' Educational Association.

RESIDENT STAFF TUTORSHIPS FOR EXTRA-MURAL EDUCATION.

Applications are invited for two Resident Staff Tutorships for adult education, at a salary of £350 per annum, with superannuation benefits, commencing on September 1st, 1934. Subject to satisfactory service the salary will rise to £375 and £400 in the second and third years.
Four copies of applications, stating the subjects in which the applicant is qualified, should be forwarded to reach the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, the University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, not later than April 23rd, 1934.
Applications should be accompanied by the names of not less than three persons to whom reference may be made as to the candidates' qualifications.
Further particulars may be obtained from
C. G. BURTON,
March, 1934. Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Professor of Education. Salary £800 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1, 1934.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before May 16, 1934.
EDWIN DREW,
Registrar.

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
(University of London),
Regent's Park, N.W.1.
The Council of Bedford College invite application for the following posts vacant as from the beginning of the session 1934–5:—
Assistant in the Department of Modern History. Candidates must have an Honours degree in Modern History. Salary, £250, rising to £300. The post is open to men and women equally.
Last date for receiving applications April 21st, 1934.
For further particulars apply to the SECRETARY.
March, 1934.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOOTLE.
PUBLIC LIBRARIES, MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

SENIOR MALE ASSISTANT.

Applications are invited for the above appointment. Candidates must have had practical library experience, and should hold certificates of the Library Association. The appointment is in Grade 5 of the Corporation's Grading Scheme at a salary commencing at £210 with annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £250 per annum.
The person appointed must pass a medical examination and become a contributor to the Superannuation Fund and will be subject to the Council's regulations.
Applications, stating age, qualifications and details of experience, accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials and endorsed "Senior Assistant Librarian," must be delivered at my office not later than Friday, 6th April, 1934.
Town Clerk's Office, HAROLD PARTINGTON,
Town Hall, Bootle. Town Clerk.
Monday, March 12th, 1934.

BOROUGH OF THORNABY-ON-TEES
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

FEMALE LIBRARIAN WANTED. Candidates must have wide experience of Dewey Open-Access Library Administration, and be able to control all Departments of the Library, which include Lending Department of 9,092 volumes, Reference Department of 1,010 volumes, School and Junior Library Department of 1,956 volumes, and News Rooms. Applicants must be in possession of the Final Certificate of the Library Association, or the Final Certificate or Diploma of the University School of Librarianship. Salary £160 per annum, and subject to satisfactory service this will be increased by £10 per annum to £200.
Applications must be made on the prescribed form, which may be had from the undersigned by forwarding stamped addressed envelope. Forms to be returned, with copies of three recent testimonials, by noon on WEDNESDAY, 4th April, 1934.
Town Hall, J. R. CARR,
Thornaby-on-Tees. Town Clerk.
14th March, 1934.

LONDON Classical B.A., 28; Diploma in Librarianship, speaking French, German, Dutch, seeks literary or secretarial appointment where previous experience not essental. MAY, 16 Hainault Road, Chigwell, Essex.

CAPABLE girl, 25, offers temporary services in any capacity; secretarial, domestic, social.—Box 470, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.